Part Six 1909-1919

1. January 6, 1910 - MARK TWAIN GOES BACK

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Returns to Bermuda Suffering from Indigestion.

Samuel M. Clemens (Mark Twain) sailed for Bermuda yesterday. He spent some weeks there late in the year, returning about fifteen days ago to spend Christmas with his daughter, Miss Jean Clemens, at Redding, Conn. She died while he was there.

It had been the intention of Mr. Clemens to return to Bermuda with his daughter in April. He denied that his health was in an alarming state. He was simply suffering from indigestion, he said. The length of his stay on the island will depend on how much his indigestion improves there. He may be away for two months.

2. January 15, 1910 - TO S. L. CLEMENS

TO S. L. CLEMENS.

Mark Twain, on sailing for Bermuda, said that this cigar was his only pal.

Your only pal! Since first you wrote
Your pals began to troop your way,
And Fate has never struck a note
Of sorrow, and the smiling way
Of fortune never opened wide
That we weren't by your side.

Your only pal! Why, Mark, you seem
To overlook ten million folks
Who weep when sorrows 'round you teem -
You can't discard us as old jokes!
Your chasms never opened wide
That we weren't at your side.

Your only pal! Sam Clemens, you!
When you say that, don't treat us right;
Your pals are millions and they're true
Until the coming of the Night.
Mark twain, mark thrice before you chide
Old friends who have not died!

JOHN A. MOROSO.

3. February 6, 1910 - WAS “TOM SAWYER“ DANISH OR AMERICAN?

WAS "TOM SAWYER" DANISH OR AMERICAN?
Why Mark Twain Is Charged with "Borrowing" from Steen Bilcher's Story of "The Vicar of Weilby."

By HENRY G. LEACH, Ser, Denmark.

Since the Cook episode the Danes have been keenly interested in everything American, especially American literature. Their latest examination of "records" and "proofs," however, has resulted in a no less startling charge than that Mark Twain has plagiarized one of the Danish classics.

Strange to say, Denmark is rather flattered than angered by the discovery. For American literature is quite the thing just now. None of our "classical" authors can compete in popularity with "Nick Carter," which is offered on the streets as a premium by the Copenhagen newspapers. Mr. Herrick's novels are translated within a year or two of publication. Several of Jack London's books have appeared in Danish editions. The translations of Frank Norris have a wider sale than any Danish author, and Norris is held to be the great American novelist. As for Mark Twain, everyone knows him.

Accordingly, when a Danish schoolmaster, Valdemar Thoresen by name, made the discovery of the alleged plagiarism by Mr. Clemens, the Danish illustrated monthly, Maaneds-Magasinet, grew quite excited about it. Mr. Thorensen asserts that the plot of "Tom Sawyer, Detective," was lifted bodily from Blicher's tale, "The Vicar of Weilby."

Steen Steensen Blicher was a Danish novelist who was born in 1782 and died in 1848. He spent a great part of his life as a country parson in Jutland. By nature he was as much a hunter as a poet, and neglected his clerical duties to tramp the moor in search of game. An old painting shows Blicher in a favorite attitude, gun in hand, on the moor, three gypsies at his feet. When he came to a lonely farm for the night, he gathered the traditions and stories of the ghosts of the place into a short story. His collected novella may be regarded as a saga of Jutish life. The story of "The Vicar of Weilby" is based on tradition and old documents.

Mr. Thoresen gives the following account of his discovery: "Last Summer I happened to get hold of a recently translated book by Mark Twain, called, after the leading story, 'Tom Sawyer Opdager,' ('Tom Sawyer, Detective.') This narrative did not impress me as particularly interesting. But, in one way, it quickly secured my attention. The further I got into it the more evident it became that the criminal history, which must always be the foundation for a detective narrative, was in this case a good old acquaintance, Steen Blicher's novelle, 'The Vicar of Weilby.'

"It was with a certain feeling of displeasure that I made the discovery; on the one hand I could not imagine that an author like Mark Twain, whose bold, invigorating humor had been to me a source of so much pleasure, could be a plagiarist, and, on the other hand, the way in which the old Danish novelle, with its deep, gripping tragedy, was used here for merely superficial fun, must seem to me almost a profanation.

"On what, then, do I support the assertion that Mark Twain has borrowed stuff for his narrative from 'The Vicar of Weilby'? I shall rehearse the most important agreements with the greatest brevity, so that every single detail I mention is found in both narratives.

"A man, in each instance a vicar, is unjustly accused of murder. The accuser is a rich and purse-proud man who is angry at the clergyman because he has been rejected in his suit to his daughter. He plans revenge, and uses as a tool for this purpose his brother. This brother comes into service at the pastor's, and, abetted by the disgraced wooer, does all he can to tease and irritate his master, succeeding only too well. In the end, the pastor, one day, when he has set the fellow to dig, becomes so irritated that he seizes the nearest weapon which falls into his hands (with Blicher a spade, with Mark Twain a stake) and strikes him to the earth with it. Seeing him collapse as though he were dead, the pastor is frightened and raises him up; but he proves to be no more injured than that he

can jump over the fence and run into the forest.
"The vicar is imprisoned, people seek to induce him to flee, but he will not withdraw himself from the arm of justice. The prosecutor appears with witnesses; some have heard the pastor threaten his life, others standing beside some hazel bushes, saw the said weapon swung into the air and heard it fall with a dull thud. But previously, before the accusation and imprisonment, the brothers have taken the body of another person, whose features have been rendered unrecognizable by violence, put on the servant's clothes, dragged it into the pastor's grounds, and buried it there at night, on which occasion the cunning scoundrel is attired in the vicar's green jacket, (dressing gown in Blicher,) which he has stolen from the parsonage. The expedition by night is seen in the moonshine, and the easily recognized garment gives ground to believe it is the vicar. The fellow confesses at last that the brother has persuaded him by promise of a large sum to play the assigned role, thereafter to leave the neighborhood and vanish."
Mr. Thorensen concludes that such a collection of coincident details precludes any doubt that "Tom Sawyer" borrowed its plot from Blicher.
How did Mr. Clemens get the plot? No English translation is known. There is, however, a German translation, and the possibility of redactions. "We dare not flatter ourselves," says Mr. Thoresen, "that Mark Twain could read Danish. Accordingly the critic wrote to Mr. Clemens himself, and received the following reply from his secretary:

Redding, Conn., Dec. 9, 1909 [sic]
Mr. Valdemar Thoresen:
Dear Sir: Mr. Clemens directs me to write for him in reply to your letter in regard to the similarity between "Tom Sawyer, Detective," and "The Vicar of Weilby." Mr.. Clemens is not familiar with Danish and does not read German fluently, and has not read the book you mention, nor any translation or adaptation of it that he is aware of. The matter constituting "Tom Sawyer, Detective," is original with Mr. Clemens, who has never been consciously a plagiarist. You may therefore deny most authoritatively that this or any other matter that has appeared under Mr. Clemens's name is based upon the work of any other. Very truly yours,
I. V. LYON, Secr.

Mr. Thoresen expresses is astonishment over this reply, but believes it is honorably and seriously written. He reinforces the striking details employed by the two plots. "Is it conceivable that a man, when he has appropriated the story so precisely, not only the main features, but many details in themselves inconsequential - for example, that it is in digging the grave that the fatal struggle arises; that the witnesses, without being able to see the persons, see the weapon swung over the hazel bushes, which shut out from them the view, and hear the dull thud of it; that the fellow leaps over the fence and runs into the forest; that the accuser, to look like the vicar, puts on his green coat (it must, indeed be green, for it stands so in Blicher!) when he buries the body - is it psychologically possible, I say, that one who remembers the narrative so accurately and completely, to these small details, can write all this down with the thought that it is his own original stuff?"
Mr. Thorensen then seeks to excuse Mr. Clemens by suggesting that a collaborator provided him with the plot, which is for him so subservient a matter that he had forgotten where he had obtained it.
Another Danish critic, Mr. Hans Hansen, editor of the edition de luxe of Blicher, expresses himself more strongly. Blicher's story, he points out, rests upon an actual event, which has recently been documented, but Blicher's imagination quite overlaid the facts and the traditions, and Mr. Clemens agrees with Blicher against these. "That

Blicher and Mark Twain should have a common source is quite inconceivable."
The matter has excited much attention in Denmark. The Danes are flattered, and prouder of their Blicher. The National Times, with a spice of the esprit Copenhague, alludes to the discovery as "a modest triumph for Denmark."
It may be remembered that this is not the first time that the charge of borrowed plots has been brought against Mr. Clemens. Prof. Van Dyke of Princeton discovered that the celebrated bullfrog story is an almost exact replica of a Greek (Boetian) tale. In the Greek tale the frog was forced to swallow stones, while the California frog, more appropriate to the century, was loaded with shot. Mr. Clemens replied with some droll observations on his acquaintance with Greek. He claimed to have the story from Calaveras County.
Whatever is the truth in this Danish affair, there is no ground to suspect Mr. Clemens of plagiarism. The story can have come to him in many ways. There has been a Blicher revival in Denmark in recent years, and I suspect Mark Twain had the story from some Danish American. He can, for instance, have smoked a cigar with that amazing story teller, Mr. Jacob Riis.
Indeed, it is not unlikely that the story was printed in America before "Tom Sawyer, Detective." Since the Danish discovery appeared, attention has been drawn to further plagiarisms of "The Vicar of Weilby." A German romance, "Der Friezenpastor," by Dietrich Theden has stolen Blicher's plot. More surprising still, a synopsis of Blicher's story appeared in the Sunday supplement of a New York newspaper recently under the title "Would You convict on Circumstantial Evidence?" It was told as a true story of a murder trial in Denmark. There was no mention of Blicher's name. But the plot was Blicher's, not the facts of the old documents. Blicher's names and geography were retained, and the whole was practically a translation of Blicher. While the story appeared too late to have been used in "Tom Sawyer, Detective," it suggests the possibility of predecessors in other Sunday magazines. A Danish-American journalist is probably responsible.
That an author can forget he has a source is quite possible psychologically. At this writing, I have in mind the case of a boy, 14 years old, who submitted a story for a prize contest two years ago at Groton School. It was an exceptionally good story, and worthy of the first prize. But it had a familiar ring. Suddenly it occurred to one of the masters that the tale was nothing more than a boyish retelling in plain English of Stevenson's "Thrawn Janet." A comparison revealed that the stories were identical in details of color. the boy was examined, and declared that he could not read Lowland Scotch, had never head of Stevenson's story, had never heard the story told. "I imagined it all." He was a strictly honest boy. The masters attributed the borrowing to the narrative of a nurse in the child's infancy. His memory had retained the story but obliterated its source.
After all, we so often forget that there is nothing new under the sun, that Shakespeare was the greatest plagiarist, and that the best story is as old as the hills.

4. April 15, 1910 - MARK TWAIN BACK IN FEEBLE HEALTH

MARK TWAIN BACK IN FEEBLE HEALTH

Distinguished Author Returns from Bermuda in Weakened State from Heart Trouble.

CARRIED OFF THE STEAMER

Physicians Meet Him and He Is Taken Immediately to His Home at Redding, Conn.

Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) humorist and author, stricken in health, arrived yesterday from Bermuda on the Oceana. He was so ill when the vessel reached her pier in the morning that he could not be removed until the physicians summoned by wireless got to the pier, at the foot of West Tenth Street.

After an examination they consented to his removal. He was carried from the liner and taken across the city in a coach ambulance. He left on the 3:32 P. M. train for his home, at Redding, Conn.

Mr. Clemens's condition, it is admitted, is serious, but his physicians believe he will improve in the quiet of his country home. He has angina pectoris.

The author made the voyage from Bermuda ill in his stateroom. He spent the Winter in Bermuda, going there immediately after the sudden death of his daughter. He was accompanied only by Albert Bigelow Paine, the author, who has been acting as his secretary.

When the Oceana reached her pier Edward E. Loomis, Mr. Clemens's nephew, and the latter's wife and Robert Collier were on hand to meet him. They went at once to his cabin. A few minutes later Dr. Edward S. Quintard of 145 West Fifty-eighth Street, a long-time friend of the author, and Dr. Robert H. Halsey of 118 West Fifty-eighth Street arrived and went to Mr. Clemens's room.

The voyage north had not improved the condition of his health. About a week ago he had a severe attack, and from this he did not readily recover. The recent high temperature in Bermuda, according to Mr. Paine, had proved too much for him and went far toward bringing on the attack. Mr. Paine went to

much for him and went far toward bring-
ing on the attack. Mr. Paine went to
Bermuda about two weeks ago, when the news came that Mr. Clemens was failing in health. After the attack of a week ago the physicians concluded that the salt air was not good for him and ordered his immediate return to this country. At Mr. Clemens's request it had been planned that he was to return on the Bermudian, which is scheduled to arrive here on Monday. The author and Capt. Frazer, the skipper, are old friends. Later it was decided that it would be dangerous to delay his homecoming.

Embarking on the Oceana was quite a task for the sick man. The vessel because of her great draught cannot go alongside a pier. She anchors in deep water, and her passengers are taken out to her in a tender. Mr. Clemens made the trip in a special tug, and was so weak that he had to be carried on board the Oceana.

On Wednesday when the vessel was passing through the Gulf Stream, with a fairly rough sea running, Mr. Clemens had a sinking spell. For a time, it is said, there was fear that in his weakened condition he would not rally.

Mr. Clemens occupied a starboard stateroom amidships. When the steamer got in his relatives and the physicians found him dressed and lying in his berth, propped up with pillows.

The Oceana reached her pier about 10:15 A. M., but it was not until afternoon that he was removed. It is said that the excitement of arriving proved a severe strain, and his departure to the station was preceded by another sinking spell.

"I have made but a superficial examination of Mr. Clemens," said Dr. Quintard. "When he gets home we will make a thorough examination of his heart. He has angina pectoris, which is a dangerous state for him. He looks much better than I expected he would."

Mr. Clemens was carried from the Oceana in an invalid chair by two stewards. He was assisted into the coach and with Dr. Halsey started for the Grand Central. Mr. Clemens appeared to be extremely weak. He had to rest a few minutes in the invalid chair on the pier before he could make the effort of getting into the vehicle.

On reaching the railway station a few minutes after 3 o'clock Mr. Clemens raised his arms feebly while two station attendants lifted him from the carriage to a wheel chair. They took him directly to a drawing room car.

5. April 16, 1910 - MARK TWAIN HOLDS HIS OWN

MARK TWAIN HOLDS HIS OWN.

Passes a Comfortable Day—Country Air Has Good Effect.

REDDING, Conn., April 15.—Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) who arrived at his country home here last evening, fatigued from his long journey from Bermuda, and very ill, passed a comfortable day with no appreciable change in his condition and was holding his own pretty well. A second nurse arrived to-day.

Dr. R. H. Halsey of New York, who accompanied Mr. Clemens here yesterday, remained with him overnight and returned to New York this morning. The bracing air of the country, it is stated, has had a beneficial effect upon Mr. Clemens's respiratory organs since his arrival here, and much of the distress that accompanied his breathing during the ocean voyage from Bermuda to New York and after his arrival in New York has disappeared.

6. April 17, 1910 - MARK TWAIN'S DAUGHTER HERE

MARK TWAIN'S DAUGHTER HERE

Mrs. Gabrilovitch and Her Husband, the Pianist, Called by Author's Illness.

Mrs. Ossip Gabrilovitch, who was Miss Clara Clemens, the only surviving daughter of Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) and her husband, the Russian pianist, arrived last night on the American liner New York. Mr. Gabrilovitch has not been playing for a year. He and his wife were in Rome when word reached them of the serious condition of Mr. Clemens. That was ten days ago, and since then they have been traveling to reach Mr. Clemens's home at Redding, Conn.

Before sailing they had been assured by Mr. Clemens's physician that his condition had improved. They were greatly relieved to learn upon their arrival that he had also improved since his return from Bermuda.

"We had intended coming to America to spend the Summer with Mr. Clemens," said Mr. Gabrilovitch. "The news that he had been taken ill in Bermuda simply caused a change in plan and we are here sooner than we had expected."

Ossip Gabrilovitch and Miss Clara Clemens were married at the Clemens home on Oct. 6, 1909.

7. April 18, 1910 - MARK TWAIN SEEMS BETTER

MARK TWAIN SEEMS BETTER.

Arrival of Daughter from Abroad Brightens Sick Man Considerably.

REDDING, Conn., April 17.—According to those in attendance, Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) who is ill at his home, Stormfield, seemed a little improved today. Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitch, Dr. Clemens's daughter who reached New York Saturday from abroad, arrived here today, and her presence seemed to brighten her father very materially.

Dr. Robert M. Halsey of New York will remain with his patient until Monday.

8. April 19, 1910 - MARK TWAIN IMPROVING

Mark Twain Improving.

REDDING, Conn., April 18.—Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) who is seriously ill with heart disease at his home near here, had a restful night and was brighter and to all appearances better to-day. Dr. Robert H. Halsey, who has been with Mr. Clemens since Saturday, went to New York this morning, seemingly satisfied with the progress Mr. Clemens was making.

9. April 20, 1910 - MARK TWAIN A LITTLE WEAKER

Mark Twain a Little Weaker.

REDDING, Conn., April 19.—Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) who is here trying to regain his health after the severe attack of heart trouble that prostrated him on the voyage from Bermuda to New York last week, is a little weaker. Dr. Robert Halsey of New York issued a statement to-night as follows:

"Mr. Clemens is very comfortable to-night and passed a quiet day, though he seems to have grown a little weaker."

Dr. Halsey will remain with Mr. Clemens.

10. April 21, 1910 - MARK TWAIN SINKING

MARK TWAIN SINKING.

Author's Condition Is Critical, but He Is Expected to Live Through Night.

Special to The New York Times.

DANBURY, Conn., April 20.—At 11 o'clock to-night Samuel L. Clemens, though he had been sinking all day, and at one time late in the afternoon was thought to be in a very serious condition, was resting at his residence, Stormfield, in Redding, Conn., comfortably enough to assure those in attendance on him that his chances for living through the night were very favorable. His daughter, Clara, and her husband, Ossip Gabrilowitch, the pianist, and Alfred Bigelow Paine, the humorist's manager and biographer, who comprise the household, felt confidence enough to retire for the night shortly before 11 o'clock.

Dr. Robert H. Halsey, the heart specialist who has been in attendance, admitted that his patient was in a critical condition, giving his trouble as angina pectoris. Dr. Quintard was called from New York in consultation during the afternoon, but left this evening. Oxygen was resorted to early in the afternoon to stimulate vitality. Although he was weak on his arrival from Bermuda last Tuesday, and had not since recovered his strength, it was not until to-day that his symptoms became alarming.

He was noticeably weak this morning and did not respond to treatment as he had previously. As the day went on he became weaker and collapsed this afternoon. He has been almost in an unconscious condition during the afternoon and this evening. He did not show any interest in his surroundings and took no notice of the people around him. Early in the evening he aroused a little and talked for a short time with his daughter. He does not seem to be suffering any pain.

The doctors who have been watching Mark Twain agree that it is simply a case of how long his wonderful constitution can battle with the malady which is gradually overcoming him. He may die during the night or he may live for several weeks, there is no knowing.

11. April 22, 1910 - MARK TWAIN IS DEAD AT 74; TWAIN AS PRINTER'S DEVIL; ENGLAND FEELS HIS LOSS; LAST VISIT TO WASHINGTON & (April 22, 1910) [Editorial] MARK TWAIN

MARK TWAIN IS DEAD AT 74

End Comes Peacefully at His New England Home After a Long Illness.

CONSCIOUS A LITTLE BEFORE

Carlyle's "French Revolution" Lay Beside Him—"Give Me My Glasses" His Last Words.

SURVIVING CHILD WITH HIM

Tragic Death of His Daughter Jean Recently Did Much to Hurry His End.

Special to The New York Times.

DANBURY, Conn., April 21.—Samuel Langhorne Clemens, "Mark Twain," died at 22 minutes after 6 to-night. Beside him on the bed lay a beloved book—it was Carlyle's "French Revolution"—and near the book his glasses, pushed away with a weary sigh a few hours before. Too weak to speak clearly, "Give me my glasses," he had written on a piece of paper. He had received them, put them down, and sunk into unconsciousness from which he glided almost imperceptibly into death. He was in his seventy-fifth year.

For some time his daughter Clara and her husband, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, and the humorist's biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine, had been by the bed waiting for the end which Drs. Quintard and Halsey had seen to be a matter of minutes. The patient felt absolutely no pain at the end and the moment of his death was scarcely noticeable.

Death came, however, while his favorite niece, Mrs. E. E. Loomis, and her husband, who is Vice President of the

husband, who is Vice President of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railway, and a nephew, Jervis Langdon, were on the way to the railroad station. They had left the house much encouraged by the fact that the sick man had recognized them, and took a train for New York ignorant of what happened later.

Hopes Aroused Yesterday.

Although the end had been foreseen by the doctors and would not have been a shock at any time, the apparently strong rally of this morning had given basis for the hope that it would be postponed for several days. Mr. Clemens awoke at about 4 o'clock this morning after a few hours of the first natural sleep he has had for several days, and the nurses could see by the brightness of his eyes that his vitality had been considerably restored. He was able to raise his arms above his head and clasp them behind his neck with the first evidence of physical comfort he had given for a long time.

His strength seemed to increase enough to allow him to enjoy the sunrise, the first signs of which he could see out of the windows in the three sides of the room where he lay. The increasing sunlight seemed to bring ease to him, and by the time the family were about he was strong enough to sit up in bed and overjoyed them by recognizing all of them and speaking a few words to each. This was the first time that his mental powers had been fully his for nearly two days, with the exception of a few minutes early last evening, when he addressed a few sentences to his daughter.

Calls for His Book.

For two hours he lay in bed enjoying the feeling of this return of strength. Then he made a movement and asked in a faint voice for the copy of Carlyle's "French Revolution," which he has always had near him for the last year, and which he has read and re-read and brooded over.

The book was handed to him, and he lifted it up as if to read. Then a smile faintly illuminated his face when he realized that he was trying to read without his glasses. He tried to say, "Give me my glasses," but his voice failed, and the nurses bending over him could not understand. He motioned for a sheet of paper and a pencil, and wrote what he could not say.

With his glasses on he read a little and then slowly put the book down with a sigh. Soon he appeared to become drowsy and settled on his pillow. Gradually he sank and settled into a lethargy. Dr. Halsey appreciated that he could have been

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roused, but considered it better for him to rest. At 3 o'clock he went into complete unconsciousness.

Later Dr. Quintard, who had arrived from New York, held a consultation with Dr. Halsey, and it was decided that death was near. The family was called and gathered about the bedside watching in a silence which was long unbroken. It was the end. At twenty-two minutes past 6, with the sunlight just turning red as it stole into the window, in perfect silence he breathed his last.

Died of a Broken Heart.

The people of Redding, Bethel, and Danbury listened when they were told that the doctors said Mark Twain was dying of angina pectoris. But they say among themselves that he died of a broken heart. And this is the verdict not of popular sentiment alone. Albert Bigelow Paine, his biographer to be and literary executor, who has been constantly with him, said that for the past year at least Mr. Clemens had been weary of life. When Richard Watson Gilder died, he said: "How fortunate he is. No good fortune of that kind ever comes to me."

The man who has stood to the public for the greatest humorist this country has produced has in private life suffered overwhelming sorrows. The loss of an only son in infancy, a daughter in her teens and one in middle life, and finally of a wife who was a constant and sympathetic companion, has preyed upon his mind. The recent loss of his daughter Jean, who was closest to him in later years when her sister was abroad studying, was the final blow. On the heels of this came the first symptoms of the disease which was surely to be fatal, and one of whose accompaniments is mental depression. Mr. Paine says that all heart went out of him and his work when his daughter Jean died. He has practically written nothing since he summoned his enrgies to write a last chapter, memorial of her for his autobiography.

He told his biographer that the past Winter in Bermuda was gay but not happy. Bermuda is always gay in Winter and Mark Twain was a central figure in the gayety. He was staying at the home of William H. Allen, the American Consul. Even in Bermuda, however, Mr. Clemens found himself unable to

and finally relied on Mr. Allen's fifteen-year-old daughter Helen to write the few letters he cared to send.

His health failed rapidly, and finally Mr. Allen wrote to Albert Bigelow Paine that his friend was in a most serious condition. Mr. Paine immediately cabled to Mrs. Gabrilowitsch, his surviving daughter, who was in Europe, and started himself on April 2 for Bermuda, embarking with the humorist for the return to New York immediately after his arrival. On the trip over Mark Twain became very much worse and finally realized his condition.

"It's a losing game," he said to his companion. "I'll never get home alive."

Mr. Clemens did manage to summon his strength, however, and in spite of being so weak that he had to be carried down the gangplank he survived the journey to his beautiful place at Redding. The first symptom of angina pectoris came last June when he went to Baltimore to address a young ladies' school. In his room at the hotel he was suddenly taken with a terrible gripping at the heart. It soon passed away, however, and he was able to make an address with no inconvenience. The pains, however, soon returned with more frequency and steadily grew worse until they became a constant torture.

One of the last acts of Mark Twain was to write out a check for $6,000 for the library in which the literary coterie settled near Redding have been interested for a year, fairs, musicales, and sociables having been held in order to raise the necessary amount. The library is to be a memorial to Jean Clemens, and will be built on a site about half a mile from Stormfield at Selleck Cross Roads.

It is certain to be recalled that Mark Twain was for more than fifty years an inveterate smoker, and the first conjecture of the layman would be that he had weakened his heart by overindulgence in tobacco. Dr. Halsey said to-night that he was unable to say that the angina pectoris from which Mark Twain died was in any way a sequel of nicotine poisoning. Some constitutions, he said, seem immune from the effects of tobacco, and his was one of them. Yet it is true that since his illness began the doctors had cut down Mark Twain's daily allowance of twenty cigars and countless pipes to four cigars a day.

No deprivation was a greater sorrow to him. He tried to smoke on the steamer while returning from Bermuda, and only gave it up because he was too feeble to draw on his pipe. Even on his death bed when had passed the point of speech, and it was no longer certain that his ideas were lucid, he would make the motion of waiving a cigar, and smiling, expel empty air from under the mustache still stained with smoke.

Where Mark Twain chose to spend his declining years was the first outpost of Methodism in New England, and it was among the hills of Redding that Gen. Israel Putnam of Revolutionary fame mustered his sparse ranks. Putnam Park now incloses the memory of his camp.

Mark Twain first heard of it at the dinner given him on his seventieth birthday, when a fellow-guest who lived there mentioned its beauties and added that there was a vacant house adjoining his own. "I think you may buy that old house for me," said Mark Twain. Sherwood Place was the name of that old house, and where it stood Mark Twain reared the white walls of the Italian villa he first named Innocence at Home, but a first experience of what a New England Winter storm can be in its whitest fury quickly caused him to christen it anew Stormfield.

Where Mark Twain Died.

The house had been thus described by Albert Bigelow Paine: "Set on a fair hillside with such a green slope below, such a view outspread across the valley as made one catch his breath a little when he first turned to look at it. A trout stream flows through one of the meadows. There are apple trees and gray stone walls. The entrance to it is a winding, leafy lane."

Through this lane the "Innocent at Home" loved to wander in his white flannels for homely gossip with the neighbors. They remember him best as one who above all things loved a good listener, for Mark was a mighty talker, stored with fairy tales for the little maids he adored, and racier, ruder speech for more stalwart masculine ears. It is a legend that he was vastly proud of his famous mop of white hair, and used to spend the pains of a Court lady in getting it to just the proper stage of artistic disarray.

The burial will be in the family plot at Elmira, N. Y., where lie already his wife, his two daughters, Susan and Jean, and his infant son, Langhorne. No date has yet been set, as the family is still undecided whether or not there shall be a public funeral first in New York City.

It is probable that Stormfield will be kept as a Summer place by Mrs. Gabrilowitsch, who is very fond both of the house and the country, although her husband's musical engagements make it necessary that she spend a part of each year abroad.

Mr. Paine said to-night that Mark Twain had put his affairs in perfect order and that he died well off, though by no means a rich man. He leaves a considerable number of manuscripts, in all stages of incompleteness and of all characters, many of them begun years ago and put aside as unsatisfactory.

Mrs. Gabrilowitsch will aid Mr. Paine in the final decision as to what use shall be made of these.

MARK TWAIN'S CAREER.

Long Life, Struggles, and Achievements of Samuel Langhorne Clemens.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens was considered the best-known American man of letters. Often he was referred to as the "Dean of American literature." He was known far beyond the boundaries where English is spoken as the greatest humorist using that tongue, if not actually the greatest humorist and satirist living. His famous telegram to a newspaper publishing a report of his death, when happily it was untrue, has been quoted and requoted almost everywhere. "The report of my death," he wired, "is greatly exaggerated."

The father of Mark Twain was John

aggravated."

The father of Mark Twain was John Marshall Clemens, who migrated from Virginia to Kentucky, and then on to Adair County, Tennessee, when a young man. There he married a young woman named Langhorne, who brought him family prestige and many broad acres. But with the prevalent spirit of unrest among pioneers, the couple crossed over into Missouri, settling at Florida, Monroe County, where, on Nov. 30, 1835, their since-famous son was born. Mark Twain's life, however, really did not begin until three years later, when the family moved to Hannibal, Marion County. Hannibal has been described many times as a typical river town of that day, a sleepy place, filled with drawling, lazy, picturesque inhabitants, black and white.

Young Clemens, so the record runs, went to school there, and, so also the record runs, studied just as little as he could, if he studied at all. He had been painted in that period of his career as an incorrigible truant, roaming the river banks and bluffs, watching the passing steamboats, and listening keenly to the trials that went on in the shabby office where the Justice of the Peace, his father, settled the disputes and punished the misdemeanors of his neighbors. In that period, while the ambition to be a pilot on the great river burned in him, was stored in his memory the material which in after years crystallized into "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," and "Pudd'nhead Wilson."

Mark Twain's school days ended when he was 12. The father died, leaving nothing behind save the reputation of being a good neighbor and an upright man, and his children at once became bread-winners. "Sam" was apprenticed as a printer at 50 cents a week in the office of The Hannibal Weekly Journal, doing, as he afterward said, "a little of everything." After three years, with a capital of a few dollars in his pocket, he became what was then a familiar sight, a wanderer from one printing office to another. About this period he paid his first visit to New York, having been drawn here by stories of a great exposition then in progress.

He worked here for a while, then moved on to Philadelphia, and later, obeying always the wandering instinct which finally carried him around the world and into all lands, to nearly all the larger cities of the South and West, including New Orleans. The trip down the river awakened the old desire to be a pilot, which had slumbered since the Hannibal days, and his career as a printer was ended. He paid in cash and promises $500 to a Mississippi pilot to take him on as an assistant and "teach him the river." He became a pilot and stuck to it until the outbreak of the civil war, earning $250 a month, but chief of all he got here his material for "Life on the Mississippi."

His experience as a Confederate soldier was brief and inglorious. Hardly had he enlisted before he was captured. Released on parole, he broke the parole and returned to the ranks, and soon was recaptured. He was in imminent peril, for recognition meant immediate and ignominious execution, but he got away, and determined never to take the risk again. He stopped flight only on reaching Nevada, where several letters of his to The Virginia City Enterprise resulted in an offer from the editor of that paper of a place on the staff. From that day forward Clemens earned his living with his pen, with the exception of several excursions into the lecture field to bring in immediate and abundant cash when creditors were urgent and the literary market dull.

While employed on the Enterprise he used the pen name, "Mark Twain," for the first time, the words being a phrase commonly used by the leadsmen on Mississippi boats to indicate a certain depth of water. At this period, also, many of his short humorous sketches were written, including notably, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras."

From Nevada Mark Twain moved out to San Francisco where, after a brief service on the local staff of The Call, he was discharged as useless. Then he and Bret Harte were associated in the conduct of The Californian, but both soon deserted the paper to make their fortunes mining if they could. Neither did, and Mark Twain was soon back in San Francisco penniless and ill. This was in 1866. The Sacramento Union sent him to the Sandwich Islands to write a series of letters on the sugar trade—an assignment which this time he filled to the editor's satisfaction—and returned restored to health.

That Winter, however, was one of "roughing it" for him. He could get little to do as reporter or editor, and finally took to lecturing in a small way. He was a success from the start. He spoke in many of the small towns of California and Nevada, earning more than a living, and meantime writing sketches for Eastern papers. These attracted considerable notice, and in March of 1867 he issued his first book, containing the "Jumping Frog" and other stories. Its reception was so cordial that Mark Twain decided to try his fortunes in the East. On reaching New York he learned that a select excursion was about to start for the Holy Land in the steamer Quaker City. He persuaded the Alta California, for which he had been writing, to advance him the price of the ticket for this trip—$1,200—to be paid in letters at $15 each. He made the trip, which proved the beginning of his fortune, for "Innocents Abroad," his first famous book, had taken shape in his mind before his return.

To write the book, however, and to live at the same time was a problem, but Senator W. M. Stewart of Nevada, becoming interested in the project, obtained for him a six-dollar-a-day committee clerkship, while the work was "farmed" out to another man at $100 a month.

"Innocents Abroad" Instant Success.

The book was finished in August, 1868, but a publisher was hard to find. At last the American Publishing Company of Hartford agreed to issue it. Its success was instant and overwhelming. Edition after edition was sold in such rapid succession that the presses could not turn them out fast enough. Mark Twain had become a man of note over night.

Among Mark Twain's friends on the Holy Land trip had been Judge Jervis J. Langdon of Elmira, N. Y., and his two children, Dan of the "Innocents" and Lizzie. Mark Twain fell in love with the latter, and it was said afterward that his desire to be near her led him to accept editorial connection in 1869 with The Buffalo Express. But Judge Langdon, who was rich, did not at first favor the union of his daughter and the nearly penniless journalist, and Miss Langdon twice rejected him. He sought a wife as he had sought a publisher, and his third proposal was accepted. His father-in-law gave him a handsome home in Buffalo,

write

but the young couple remained there but a year, going to Hartford, where they lived for many years and where Mark Twain did perhaps his most prolific work. In rapid succession appeared "Roughing It," in 1870; "The Golden Age," in 1873; "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," in 1876; "A Tramp Abroad," in 1880; "The Prince and the Pauper," in 1882; "The Stolen White Elephant," in 1883, and in the same year "Life on the Mississippi."

These works were all issued by the American Company, his first publishers, but desiring larger royalties Mark Twain determined to become his own publisher, and joined with his nephew in establishing in this city the house of C. L. Webster & Co. Success was immediate, but *it did not last. The firm brought out* "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," in 1885; "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," in 1889; "The American Claimant," in 1892; "Pudd'nhead Wilson," in 1893, and "Tom Sawyer Abroad," in the same year.

His Fortune Swept Away.

Two years later the firm failed and Mark Twain's fortune was swept away. With courage as unbroken as when he could not get a job as reporter in San Francisco many years before he again took to the lecture field to regain his fortunes.

He received generous offers to go on tour, and everywhere was greeted by large and enthusiastic audiences. He made a new fortune, paid his debts, as Sir Walter Scott had done, and left the publishing business to others while he worked as hard at his desk as ever. In 1896 appeared "The Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc"; "More Tramps Abroad" and "Following the Equator," in 1897, and "The Man who Corrupted Hadleyburg," 1900. After an extended trip to Europe he published in 1902 "A Double-barreled Detective Story," and in recent years, besides writing frequently for magazines, particularly the Harper publications, the Harper Brothers having been his publishers for the last decade or more, he had been engaged, with Albert Bigelow Paine, his literary assistant, in writing his autobiography. Much of it has already been published. It was estimated three years ago that he had then written 250,000 words, and was still turning out something like 1,000 a day, when he worked.

Mark Twain had outlived most of his family. His wife died some years ago, and*on the morning* before Christmas, last year, his daughter, Miss Jean Clemens, was drowned in a bathtub in their home at Redding, Conn. Broken himself in health, and utterly crushed by this sudden affliction, he wrote on that day: "She was all that I had left, except Clara, who married Mr. Gabrilowitsch lately, and has just arived in Europe."

In 1905 Mark Twain celebrated his seventieth birthday with a notable gathering of literary folk. Two years later he was honored by Oxford University with the degree of Doctor of Laws. Though in his younger days he was a great traveler, and was known personally to nearly all the crowned heads of Europe, of late years he had confined his journeys chiefly to Bermuda, whither he was often accompanied by one of his best friends, the late H. H. Rogers, as long as he lived. In nearly all his public appearances in the last five years he had worn white flannel, and even had a dress suit, claw-hammer-and-all, made of this soft white material, whose evident cleanliness appealed so strongly to him.

TWAIN AS PRINTER'S DEVIL.

His Own Stories of His Exploits in Boyhood as Acting Editor.

One of the most interesting of all Mark Twain's books or series of personel sketches relate to the crucial, but happy-go-lucky period of his life. At 12 he began on his own account. He has told this characteristic story of his first literary venture, when the "devil" got out the paper.

"I was a very smart child at the age of 13—an unusually smart child, I thought at the time. It was then that I did my first newspaper scribbling, and, most unexpectedly to me, it stirred up a fine *sensation in the community. It did,* indeed, and I was very proud of it, too. I was a 'devil' in a printing office, and a progressive and aspiring one. My uncle had me on his paper, (the Weekly Hannibal Journal, *$2 a year, in advance—500* subscribers, and they paid in cordwood, cabbages, and unmarketable turnips,) and on a lucky Summer day he left town to be gone a week, and asked me if I thought I could edit one issue of the paper judiciously. Ah, didn't I want a try! Higgins was the editor on the rival paper. He had been jilted, and one night a friend found an open note on the poor fellow's bed, in which he stated that he could no longer endure life and had drowned himself in Bear Creek.

"The friend ran down there and found Higgins wading back to shore. He had concluded he wouldn't. The village was full of it for a few days, but Higgins did not suspect it. I thought this was a fine opportunity. I wrote an elaborately *wretched account of the whole matter,* and then illustrated it with villainous cuts engraved on the bottoms of wood type with a jackknife—one of them a picture of Higgins wading out into the creek in his shirt, with a lantern, sounding the depth of the water with a walking stick.

"Next I gently touched up the newest stranger—the lion of the day, the gorgeous journeyman tailor from Quincy. He was a simpering coxcomb of the first water, and the "loudest" dressed man in the State. He was an inveterate woman killer. Every week he wrote lushy 'poetry' for The Journal about his newest conquest. His rhymes for my week were headed, 'To Mary in H—l,' meaning to Mary in Hannibal, of course. But while setting up the piece I was suddenly riven from head to heel with what I regarded as a perfect thunderbolt of humor, and I compressed it into a snappy footnote at the bottom, thus:

"'We will let this thing pass, just this once, but we wish Mr. J. Gordon Runnels to understand distinctly that we have a character to sustain, and from this time forth when he wants to commune with his friends in h—l, he must select some other medium than the columns of this journal.'

"The paper came out, and I never knew any little thing to attract so much attention as those playful trifles of mine. For once the Hannibal Journal was in demand—a novelty it had not experienced before. The whole town was stirred. Higgins dropped in with a double-barreled shotgun early in the forenoon. When he found that .t was an infant (as he called

found that .t was an infant (as he called
me) that had done him the damage, he simply pulled my ears and went away, but he threw up the situation that night and left town."

Associate Editor of Morning Glory.

On the advice of a physician, Mark Twain said, he went South shortly after his week as "devil" and editor in chief in one, landing finally as associate editor on the Morning Glory and Johnson County Warhoop, Tennessee. He gave this description of his "chief":

"When I went on duty I found the chief editor sitting tilted back in a three-legged chair with his feet on a pine table. There was another pine table in the room and another afflicted chair, and both were half buried under newspapers and scraps and sheets of manuscript. There was a wooden box of sand, *sprinkled with cigar stubs and* 'old soldiers,' and a stove with its door hanging by its upper hinge. The chief editor had a long black cloth frock coat on and white linen pants. His boots were small and neatly blacked. He wore a ruffled shirt, a large seal ring, a standing collar of obsolete pattern, and checkered neckerchief with ends hanging down. He told me to take the exchanges and skim through them and write up the 'Spirit of the Tennessee Press.' I wrote as follows:

"'The editors of The Semi-Weekly Earthquake evidently labor under a mistaken *apprehension with regard to the* Ballyhack Railroad. It is not the object of the company to leave Buzzardville off to one side. On the contrary, they consider it one of the most important points *along the line, and consequently can have* no desire to slight it. The gentlemen of The Earthquake will, of course, take pleasure in making the correction.'

"I passed my manuscript over to the chief editor for acceptance, alteration, or destruction.

"'Thunder and lightning!' he exclaimed. 'Do you suppose I am going to speak of those cattle that way? Do you suppose my subscribers are going to stand such gruel as that? Give me the pen!'

"While he was in the midst of his work somebody shot at him through the open window and marred the symmetry of my ear.

"'Ah,' said he, 'that is that scoundrel Smith of the Moral Volcano; he was due yesterday.' And he snatched a navy revolver from his belt and fired. Smith dropped, shot through the thigh. The shot spoiled Smith's aim, who was taking a second chance, and he crippled a stranger. It was me. Merely a finger was shot off.

"'Now, here's the way this stuff ought to be written,' said the chief editor.

"I took the manuscript. It was scarred with erasures and interlineations till its mother wouldn't have known it if it had had one. It now read as follows:

"The inveterate liars of the Semi-Weekly Earthquake are evidently endeavoring to palm off upon a noble and chivalrous people another of their vile and brutal falsehoods with regard to the most glorious conception of the nineteenth century, the Ballyback Railroad. The idea that Buzzardville was to be left off at one side originated in their own fulsome

one side originated in their own fulsome brains—or, rather, in the settlings which they regard as brains. They had better swallow this lie if they want to save their abandoned reptile carcasses the cowhiding they so richly deserve."

Mark Twain says he had written this way of the editor of an "esteemed contemporary":

"John W. Blossom, Esq., the able editor of the Higginsville Thunderbolt and Battle Cry of Freedom arrived in the city yesterday. He is stopping at the Van Buren House."

His chief editor changed it to read:

"That ass, Blossom, of the Higginsville Thunderbolt and Battlecry of Freedom is down here again sponging at the Van Buren."

"Now, that is the way to write," he said, "peppery and to the point. Mush-and-milk journalism gives me the fantods."

BLOW TO HIS FRIENDS HERE.

New York Editors and Authors Extol the Man and the Writer.

The news of Samuel L. Clemens's death shocked all his friends and literary associates with its suddenness. Although it had been known that he was in a serious condition, no one seemed to expect that his illness would terminate fatally so soon.

F. Hopkinson Smith, who has known Mr. Clemens for thirty years—ever since, in fact, the great humorist first came to this city and lectured at Cooper Union, —was dining at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Clark at 1,027 Fifth Avenue when he first heard of Clemens's death.

"It does not seem possible that Sam is dead," said Mr. Smith. "We had been friends ever since he first came from San Francisco and gave his readings of 'The Jumping Frog' on the lecture platform. He had the kindest heart in the wrold. The reading public knew him more for his humor. But his friends knew him as a big-hearted, human man. His attitude toward everyone was the kindest. In life and in art it was always the human that appealed to him most. The humor of his books was the real, the genuine humor. Humor, to be lasting, must be clean. Clemens's humor was essentially clean. It will be lasting for that reason. It was the humor of human nature. There was never anywhere in it any double entendre. It was always kindly. It never ridiculed anyone. It never made fun of the littlenesses of men. Twain did not make fun of Tom Sawyer painting the back yard fence. He brought out the human note in the boy. And that's what makes us always remember that passage with joy and read it over and over."

Col. George M. Harvey, of Harper & Brothers, who was Mr. Clemens's publisher, is abroad. But Henry M. Alden, editor of Harper's, at his home in Metuchen, N. J., last night spoke with emotion of the man who had been not only a contributor, but a friend.

"In Mr. Clemens's death I have lost a dear friend," Mr. Alden said. "I feel a deep sense of personal loss. And I can't express my sense of the loss to literature. As for our personal relations, they were much more than those of editor and contributor. Nobody could tell anything about Mark Twain better than he could tell it himself—or; indeed, half so well. He has always been writing his autobiography. I have always believed that literature has lost much by not having had more of his imaginative creations on a higher plane—more works like 'Joan of Arc,' for example."

Mr. Alden has published his personal recollections of Mr. Clemens in The Book News Monthly for April.

"Mark Twain was, with one exception, the best-known American of his time, and, without exception, outside of Poe and the New England school, he was our most distinguished writer," said Robert Underwood Johnson, of the Century. "He had the singular distinction of having, so to speak, naturalized American humor in many lands. This, it seems to me, was due to the fact that his humor was not greatly dependent on difficult dialects, but on large underlying ideas and on a keen appreciation of human nature, and on a skillful use of the incongruous.

"In dramatic effect, in surprise, and in climax he was unequaled and inexhaustible. I think that these things are likely to give more than usual permanency to his writings. We have outgrown many once popular humorists. But I can't conceive of a generation of readers to whom, on the whole, his work will not be of enjoyable interest. While literally he has added to the gayety of nations and made us all his debtors, he has also in his serious work revealed an admirable and tender sympathy for children and a chivalry toward the oppressed. So much has he become a part of our lives that it is difficult to think of a world without Mark Twain."

HIS COUNTRYMEN'S TRIBUTES.

Express Deep Sense of What Mark Twain Means to Americans.

Mark Twain's death has meant to Americans everywhere and in all walks of life what the death of no other American could have meant. His personality and his humor have been an integral part of American life for so long that it has seemed almost impossible to realize an America without him. Something of this feeling is expressed in the tributes to his memory which, following hard upon his end, have come from all parts of the country. Some of these tributes are printed below:

William Lyon Phelps, Professor of English Literature at Yale University: "The death of Mark Twain is a very great loss to American letters. I regarded him as our foremost representative in literature at the present day. Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, his two masterpieces, will live for many years as illustrative of a certain phase of American

trative of a certain phase of American life."

Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson in Boston: "It is impossible to exaggerate the loss to the country."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, now in her ninety-first year, in Boston: "The news of Mark Twain's death will be sad to many people. He was personally highly esteemed and much beloved; a man of letters with a very genuine gift of humor and of serious thought as well."

Hamlin Garland, novelist, in Chicago: "Mark Twain's death marks the exit of a literary man who was as distinctly American as was Walt Whitman. The work of most writers could be produced in any country, but I think we, as well as everybody in foreign lands will look upon Twain's work as being as closely related to this country as the Mississippi River itself. We who knew him personally hardly need to speak of him as a man, for all the world knew him. No one ever heard him speak without being inspired, and no one ever saw him without being proud of him."

George Ade, at Kentland, Ind: "I read every line Twain wrote, for he was a kind of literary god to me. His influence has already worked itself into the literature of our day. We owe much of our cheerfulness, simplicity, and hope to him. Most of all, Twain grew old beautifully, showing his simple, childlike faith for ultimate success throughout all his adversities."

Booth Tarkington, at Iidianapolis: "He seemed to me the greatest prose writer we had, and beyond that a great man. His death is a National loss, but we have the consolation that he and his genius belonged to and were of us."

Charles Major, at Indianapolis: "He created a new school of humor, the purpose of which was not only to be funny but to be true. He could write nothing that he did not at least feel to be true. All that he wrote was half fun and whole earnest."

James Whitcomb Riley: "The world has lost not only a genius, but a man of striking character, of influence, and of boundless resources. He knew the human heart and he was sincere. He knew children, and this knowledge made him tender."

ENGLAND FEELS HIS LOSS.

Only Tolstoi's Death Could Be More Regretted, Says London Paper.

LONDON, April 22. - The British public followed the reports of Mark Twain's last illness with deepest sympathy, and the news of his death will be felt as a national loss. All of the London newspapers publish extended sketches of his career, with portraits and reminiscences, especially recalling his last visit to England in 1907, when Augustine Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, presiding at the Pilgrims' dinner, paid an eloquent tribute to Mark Twain as a man Englishmen delighted to honor.

The news of his death arrived too late for editorial comment in the papers. The Morning Post obituary says that he enjoyed a popularity in Great Britain rarely exceeded by any American man of letters.

The Daily Mail says that it is no exaggeration to say that Mark Twain was the greatest humorist the modern world had known.

"With the exception of Tolstoi," says The Morning Leader, "probably there is no writer whose death would rouse more universal emotions of respect and regret. Mark Twain's death leaves a blank in the purely human literature.

"HUCKLEBERRY FINN" TALKS.

Original of Character Calls Mark Twain Greatest American Literary Figure.

Special to The New York Times.

PARIS, Mo., April 21. - "The old days are passing. The men who made them are gone, and even the long sweep of the majestic yellow river seems to have dwindled and lessened. The noise of its traffic, the music of its many deep throated voices are practically no more. The man who caught them and froze them into human words for the delight of the world is dead."

So spoke B. C. M. Farthing, friend and schoolmate of Mark Twain, and the original "Huckleberry Finn," when told tonight of the death of his boyhood friend and companion.

"I can't talk to you about it," he said, "for all that I might say would be construed either as boasting intimacy with the greatest literary figure the Nation has ever produced or as an effect to gain cheap notoriety. I desire neither.

"I can see the gray-haired man who died at Redding today as he stood at the window of the old Hannibal Courier office fifty years ago, his sleeves rolled up, leaning on his case, bargaining with me and his younger brother, Henry, for a mite of a boat that lay down at the river's edge. I can see the shock of hair and the quizzical gray eyes, and the kindness, yet, with all the shrewdness, that shone from them. The racial love of adventure was in him, and the spirit of the river fanned it into flame."

LAST VISIT TO WASHINGTON

Humorist Invited Cannon to Luncheon, Which Neither Ever Ate.

WASHINGTON, April 21. - On the occasion of his last visit to the National Capital, which was in December, 1906, Mark Twain appeared in the halls of Congress on a cold day dressed in a suit of cream-colored flannel. When asked why he was wearing white on such a day the aged humorist replied:

"This is not a suit; it is a uniform. It is the uniform of the American Association of Purity and Perfection, of which I am President, Secretary, and Treasurer, and the only man in the United States eligible for membership."

Commenting further on his costume, Mr. Clemens declared that when a man was 71 years old he had a right to dress in the fashion that conformed most to his comfort and enjoyment.

"I prefer light clothing and colors," he added, "like those worn by the ladies at the opera."

He said men's clothing, especially evening dress, was abominable.

It was in favor of a change in the copyright laws that Mark Twain made his last appearance in Washington. Other literary celebrities also were here. Mr. Clemens appeared before the joint committee on copyright, and spoke in favor of extending the life of a copyright from forty-two years to the life of the author and fifty years beyond.

"I think that ought to satisfy any reasonable author," he told the committee, "because it will take care of his children. Let the grandchildren take care of themselves."

Appearing at Speaker Cannon's office to seek advice in regard to the Copyright bill, Mr. Clemens, who had arrived on the scene early in the day, was told by the Speaker's secretary that the Speaker had not yet reached the Capitol.

"Well, when he comes, will you present to him this letter?" asked the humorist. When the Speaker arrived, he read the letter, which was to the effect that "during a long and busy life the author had not bothered Congress much, wherefore he thought he should be given a vote of thanks by Congress." With a twinkle in his eye, the Speaker looked up from the letter and said:

"Well, Mark, I would like to admit you to the floor of the House, but I cannot even entertain a motion to that effect."

But Mr. Cannon did even better for Mr. Clemens. He gave him the use for several days of his private office, whither nearly all the members of Congress flocked as soon as they learned that Mark Twain was holding an informal reception there. A few days later he said to Mr. Cannon: "I would like to become better acquainted with you and wish you would take lunch with me tomorrow."

"But I don't eat lunch," replied Mr. Cannon.

"So much the better; neither do I," was the retort. "We'll let George Harvey eat the lunch while we smoke and talk."

And this programme was followed.

Editorial

MARK TWAIN.

That SAMUEL L. CLEMENS was the greatest American humorist of his age nobody will deny. Posterity will be left to decide his relative position in letters among the humorists of English literature. It is certain that his contemporary fame abroad was equal to his fame at home. All Europe recognized his genius, the English people appreciated him at his own worth, and the University of Oxford honored him with a degree. His writings commanded a higher price in the market than those of any other contemporary whose career was solely devoted to literature. His "public" was of enormous extent. From "The Jumping Frog" to the "Diary of Adam" everything that came from his pen was eagerly read and heartily enjoyed by multitudes.

Much that he wrote has already been forgotten, inevitably, and in spite of definitive editions and the admirably practical management of his business in the later years of his career. But nearly all that JONATHAN SWIFT, FIELDING, STERNE, and SMOLLETT wrote has been forgotten, though their fame, resting on a few books, still lives. ARTEMUS WARD, MARK TWAIN's greatest predecessor as a National jester, is now little more than a name. NASBY belonged exclusively to the Reconstruction period. For any American humorous writer it would be fit to compare with MARK TWAIN we must go back to WASHINGTON IRVING. But the author of Knickerbocker's ironical history and the Sleepy Hollow legend did not surpass, in those denotements of the humorous genius, the author of "The Adventures of a Cub Pilot on the Mississippi" and "Huckleberry Finn." Indeed, it is hard to say that IRVING ever surpassed CLEMENS. Without belittling the first great American prose writer we are compelled to doubt if

writer we are compelled to doubt if
posterity will name him in the same breath with the humorist who has just passed away.

The "Innocents Abroad" and "A Tramp Abroad" are likely to be remembered among the great travel books of all time. Full of the audacity, the wild exaggeration and violent contrasts which distinguish the National humor, they are equally remarkable as the veracious record of fresh impressions on a fertile and responsive mind. Mr. CLEMENS's more serious works, such as "The Prince and the Pauper," an incursion into the field of historical romance; "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," and "Joan of Arc," have been read by multitudes with great delight. He has been quoted in common conversation oftener, perhaps, than any of his fellow-countrymen, including BENJAMIN FRANKLIN and LINCOLN. He has been honored by misquotation, too, and the humorous sayings of the ancients have been attributed to him, though he never borrowed. His wit was his own, and so was his extravagance, and his powers of observation never failed him.

We have called him the greatest American humorist. We may leave it an open question whether he was not also the greatest American writer of fiction. The creator of Mulberry Sellers and Pudd'nhead Wilson, the inventor of that Southwestern feud in "Huckleberry Finn," which, with all its wildly imaginative details, is still

infused with rare pathos, has certainly an undying vitality. An emotional and quite unconventional sort of man, CLEMENS was, whose early life was a hard struggle for existence. He obtained his education where he could get it. Presumably his faults were as large as his merits. Intellectually he was of Herculean proportions. His death will be mourned everywhere, and smiles will break through the tears as remembrance of the man's rich gift to his era comes to the mourners' minds. However his work may be judged by impartial and unprejudiced generations his fame is imperishable.

12. April 23, 1910 - MARK TWAIN'S LAST BOOK; (April 23, 1910) MARK TWAIN AND HALLEY'S COMET; (April 23, 1 910) Editorial-MARK TWAIN; (April 23, 1910) MARK TWAIN'S BODY TO BE HERE TODAY; MOURNED IN MANY LANDS & (April 23, 1910) TRIBUTE TO TWAIN BY HIS HOME FOLK

MARK TWAIN'S LAST BOOK.

Many a great man on his deathbed has called for a favorite book. Sedate biographers are apt to regard such whims as unimportant. TENNYSON'S son records that the poet called for "his Shakespeare" while he was dying, and passed away with the open book on the bed. To what play or what favorite passage in a play he had turned in that last hour we shall never know. WILLIAM MORRIS when he died had been turning over the leaves of a rare old book, "Sacred History and Lives of the Saints," richly illustrated with a thousand or more illuminated prints and many ornamentations. The choice in both cases was wholly understandable. The dying thoughts of these two men were not out of their usual mental current.

Mr. CLEMENS had called for CARLYLE'S "French Revolution." To what episode in that tumultuous aggregation of epithets, that collection of strangely uncouth but often splendidly forcible descriptive passages, did his mind revert in his last hour? It may seem an odd book for a dying man to think about, but there are moods to which it appeals strongly, the whole sum of human life is between its covers, it sets forth as well as other great books the vanity of worldly glory, the need of charity. CLEMENS was a strong man, and one of just principles, on the whole, with a heart full of sympathy. It is interesting to know that he often must have found mental refreshment and consolation in that greatest of the works of another strong and emotional man.

Mark Twain and Halley's Comet.

To the Editor of The New York Times:
I wish to draw your attention to a peculiar coincidence.
Mark Twain, born Nov. 30, 1835.
Last perihelion of Halley's comet, Nov. 10, 1835.
Mark Twain died, April 21, 1910.
Perihelion of Halley's comet, April 20, 1910.

It so appears that the lifetime of the great humorist was nearly identical (the difference being exactly fifteen days) with the last long "year" of the great comet.
R. FRIDERICI.
Westchester, N. Y., April 22, 1910

Editorial

MARK TWAIN.

Like every man who attains much note in the world of letters, Mr. Clemens was of a nature far from simple, was a compound of quite disparate qualities. But the compound with the passage of time became a blend and the fiery intoxicant of the early years manifested itself only as an invigorating stimulant with a flavor almost bland.
Of the great mass of his writing, the portion that is most widely known, that won its way to the most widely different readers and gave him two fortunes in succession and a fame that is practically universal, and may be measurably enduring, the spirit was the spirit of mischief. He wrote, as in the shifting associations of his wandering youth, he talked, plotted, and acted with one pretty constant aim to "make fun" of the men and things about him that lent themselves to that sportive pursuit. In general it was harmless enough, and as he grew older it became kindlier, but to the last there was always a keen, avid, sometimes slightly unfeeling love of ridiculing whatever and whomever he could make ridiculous. There was in it the temperament of the practical joker, and as his reminiscent conversation was apt to be full of stories of practical jokes, so his beginnings in literature were crowded with them. The "Innocents Abroad" was a catalogue raisonnee of them, teeming and reeking with ridicule as Munchausen's Travels with the marvelous or the Odyssey with cunning.
The ridicule was, however, the work of an undoubted genius, of a mind of extraordinary vigor and a fancy as original as it was fertile. It would have paled long ago had not this been true. No common intellect could have sustained for half the time or through half the great output even the attention, much less the admiring enjoyment of readers which he commanded whenever he chose to write. We recall hardly a parallel in literary history for a continuous vogue so lasting for work of like character. In that regard, mutatis mutandis, one is tempted to a comparison with Rabelais. But the writings of our American satirist and humorist (Twain was distinctly both) had no thread of continuity running through them, were not parts of an elaborate whole, and were written for an unlearned and uncritical mass of cursory and habitually indifferent readers. Their sustained fascination was the more remarkable.
Of course, it is easy to say that this fascination was due to the author's faculty for putting things in a surprising fashion, for what one of his critics calls a "skillful use of the incongruous." But that faculty, in the degree that Mark Twain had it, was in itself a gift of genius. And it was unquestionably inborn. Doubtless it was developed by his long use of it, but it was not and could not have been acquired, any more than Turner's sense of color or Daumier's synthetic drawing. Much of the work that has won such extraordinary fame may be classed as grotesque, but the contrast that made it so was perpetually varying, fresh, impressive, and imposing. It is idle to try to analyze a gift so rare, but it is permitted to suggest that much of its charm was due to the half wayward, rarely formulated, but very real moral earnestness that found expression beneath, and almost in spite of, the ceaseless mockery.
This side of Mr. Clemens's nature he made few attempts distinctly to embody in his writings, and these were not very well understood. They were "caviare to the general," and did not directly appeal to the vast audience he had collected. But it was a side of his nature not to be ignored and in its essence worthy of sincere and delicate respect. There is a touch of the pathetic in its consideration, it is so little in obvious harmony with the body of his writings. But it existed, and with it went a gift, also little recognized and irregularly, perhaps whimsically manifested, that of poetic imagination and aspiration. It is by no means inconceivable, had he sprung from cultured stock, been trained in letters, and pursued his career amid literary associations, incentives, criticism, and encouragement, that he might have been an imaginative writer, romanticist, dramatist, even poet, or extraordinary attainment. His degree of Doctor of Letters from the ancient University of Oxford was not, in his actual state of achievement, misdirected, but it may be held to be a recognition of unusual gifts in practice imperfectly developed and partly atrophied. Time, with its winnowing, may yet bestow on our great humorist a recognition not freely accorded in life.

MARK TWAIN'S BODY TO BE HERE TODAY
Friends Will Attend Simple Services in Brick Presbyterian Church - Burial in Elmira.
FORTUNE FOR DAUGHTER
Publisher Believes It Will Be Large - Death of Author is Mourned in Many Lands.
Special to The New York Times.
REDDING, Conn., April 22. -
New York friends of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) will have opportunity to pay their respects to his memory tomorrow afternoon. His body is to arrive at the Grand Central Station on the Pittsfield Express at noon, and at 4 o'clock simple funeral services will be held in the Brick Presbyterian church at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventy Street. At these relatives and as many of Mr. Clemens's friends as possible will be present. Afterward the body will be taken to Elmira, N. Y., where, after another simple service, it will be buried beside those of his wife and children.
Jarvis Langdon, nephew of Mr. Clemens, said this afternoon that if Mrs. Gabrilowitsch, the only surviving member of the immediate family, had consulted only her own wishes, there would have been no public funeral, but only a simple service at Elmira. When arrangements were discussed, however, she said she felt that her father belonged to the public to a large extent, and that the public had certain rights in regard to him at a time like the present. She therefore consented to a semi-public service in New York.
Albert Bigelow Paine, one of Mr. Clemens's literary executors, left on the early morning train for new York to consult E. E. Loomis, one of the trustees of the will, and the firm of Harper & Brothers, who have the public services in charge. When he returned at 5 o'clock he announced that final arrangements had been made. He said the coffin had been chosen, a severely plain one of mahogany. F. E. Duneka of the publishing firm completed the arrangements for the funeral.

The Journey to New York.
The body will be taken to the West Redding Station at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning and placed on board the Pittsfield express. It will be accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Gabrilowitsch, Mr. Paine, and servants who have been in Mr. Clemens's service for many years. All business will be suspended in this vicinity, and the villagers and farmers from the surrounding hills will assemble. On the arrival of the body in New York it will be taken to the Brick Presbyterian Church.
The church service will consist of little more than a brief address by Dr. Henry Van Dyke of Princeton, and there will be no pallbearers. There will probably be no music.
At the conclusion of the services the body will be taken to Elmira, N. Y., in Lake Forest, the private car of E. E. Loomis, Vice President of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad. Services will be held at the home of Gen. Langdon, and the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell of Hartford, a life-long friend of Mr. Clemens, will make an address.
Late today the body was prepared for burial and dressed in the white cashmere which Mr. Clemens so constantly wore in the later years of his life. It lies in his many-windowed room on the second floor. Some of the persons of the neighborhood were permitted to see the body today.

Fortune Left to Daughter.
According to Albert Bigelow Paine, the will is to be read in about a week. He believes that Mrs. Gabrilowitsch will be the sole heir, and will be asked by a codicil to make provision for some of the older servants. Katie Leary has been housekeeper for twenty-nine years. The trustees are E. E. Loomis, Jarvis Langdon, and Z. S. Freeman of the Liberty National Bank.
The house was not barred and shuttered today, but looked cheerful in the Spring sunshine, as Mr. Clemens would have wished it. The doors and windows downstairs were wide open and the sunlight was allowed to flood in. All the windows of his room were

open, and breezes played through their curtains. The whole atmosphere was strikingly typical of the genial man who had made a dwelling there. After the suspense and anxiety of the week the worn-out watchers spent the day in rest. Mr. and Mrs. Gabrilowitsch remained in their apartments all day. The nephew, Jarvis Langdon, was about the house doing what was necessary.

During the day so many telegrams of sympathy poured in that the telegraph operator in the little station at Redding used up all his forms. Some of the more prominent names represented were: President Taft, ex-President Roosevelt, William Dean Howells, H. M. Alden, Melville E. Stone, William Milligan Sloan, Robert Underwood Johnson, Archdeacon J. Townsend Russell, W. R. Coe, Brander Matthews, Frank A. Munsey, Henry Watterson, George Barr McCutcheon, George W. Cable, Walter Scott, Lynn Roby Meeking, and Capt. Horace E. Bixby, the Mississippi pilot who fifty years ago "taught" Mark Twain the river.

A message was received form the authorities of Hannibal, Mo., Mark Twain's boyhood home, asking that his body be taken there for burial. Mrs. Gabrilowitsch in reply said that as the family burial ground was in Elmira, N. Y., it was thought best that the body be taken there.

A Prayer Not Yet Published.

Dan Beard, the artist and naturalist, who lives only a half mile from Stormfield, was a caller. He went to leave his own and his wife's cards. Afterward he grew reminiscent, and sitting on a large rock, where he said Mark Twain had often sat, he told a few stories of the dead author.

He said Mark Twain has shown him one day a draft of a prayer. Mr. Beard was much impressed and asked the author why he did not publish it.

"Ah," said Mark Twain, "that must not be published until after my death. While a man is alive he cannot speak the truth, but when he is dead it is different." Then he went on to tell in his peculiar drawl: "I showed this to my secretary, and she said: 'Do not publish it; it is blasphemy.' I showed it to my daughter. 'Father,' she said, 'do not publish it; it is blasphemy.' Then in despair, I showed it to my butler. He said: 'Mr. Clemens, do not publish it; it is blasphemy.' So I added four lines and then they were all satisfied."

Mr. Beard told a recent experience the humorist had confided to him. He was walking up Fifth Avenue when a little girl about 10 years old slipped her hand in his and started to match his stride.

"I'm awful glad to see you," she said.

"Are you? said he. "That's very nice."

"Yes," she answered. "I knew you right away."

They continued to the next corner chatting, he proud that he could be so well known that a little girl like this could pick him out. Suddenly a horrible thought struck him and he stopped.

"Who am I?" he asked, turning around.

"Why," answered his companion, "Buffalo Bill, of course."

An effort was made to get the text of the prayer mentioned by Dan Beard, but Mr. Paine said he did not know of the manuscript. Mr. Paine is one of Mark Twain's literary executors, there being another.

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MOURNED IN MANY LANDS.

Germans Ranked Him Next to Busch - His Works in Chinese.

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

BERLIN, April 22. -

Mark Twain's death has been widely and sympathetically noted in Germany, where his works have been outranked in popularity only by those of the Fatherland's own humorist, Wilhelm Busch, whom the deceased American most resembled. All of Mr. Clemens's books were translated into the language which he ridiculed so brilliantly. His celebrated onslaught on the tongue where Goethe and Schiller contrived to sing has

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ROME, April 22. -

The whole press of Rome gives much space today to the death of Mark Twain, recalling the months he spent in Italy, the death of his wife at Florence, and the recent visit to Rome of his daughter Clara and her husband, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, on their honeymoon.

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VIENNA, April 22. -

Intelligence of the death of Mark Twain was received with universal regret in this city, where he had numerous friends and acquaintances. The newspapers publish lengthy obituary notices and recall incidents of his residence here in the Winter of 1897-98.

ROOSEVELT IS GRIEVED.

Mark Twain's Achievements a Reason for National Pride.

PARIS, April 22. - Former President Roosevelt was greatly pained to hear of the death of Mark Twain.

"It is with sincere grief that I learned of the death of this great American author," he said. "His position, like that of Joel Chandler Harris, was unique, not only in American letters but in the literary of the world. He was not only a great humorist, but a great philosopher, and his writings form one of the assets in America's contributions to the world of achievement of which we have a right as a nation to be genuinely proud."

In the pigskin library which Mr. Roosevelt carried through the jungles of Africa were two of the late author's books, "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer," and Mr. Roosevelt says that he read both of them several times and always with the greatest interest.

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HIS ESTATE PROBABLY LARGE.

Publisher Says Mark Twain's Income in Late Years Was Enormous.

Mark Twain's royalties from books, which have sold in larger number than the works of any other American author, left him at his death a wealthy man. A member of the firm of Harper & Brothers, who for ten years have been his publishers, discussed his books and royalties yesterday afternoon.

"There have been published in America of Mark Twain's books," he said, "about 5,000,000 or 5,500,000 copies. And these do not take into consideration publications abroad, which have been made in many languages. While we do not care to announce the figures Mr. Clemens received for his stories that appeared in our magazines, still it may be said that his royalties were larger than those of any other contemporaneous author, and that his books had a larger sale even in the last year than any other writer of the period.

"Mr. Clemens's income of late years was enormous, and he always had large sums of ready money at his command. It is hardly probable that with such intimate friends as the late H. H. Rogers to advise him he failed to invest this money wisely and to his advantage.

"A short time ago Mr. Clemens desired to have his books a part of every household library, and entered into a contract with us to publish them at $25 for a set of twelve volumes. He received only a small royalty on this edition, but its sales astonished both himself and us, and we had counted on something extraordinary, too.

"Mr. Clemens's books will sell for years to come both in this country and abroad, as he is more highly rated in Europe than he is in his own country. There he is counted a great

philosopher, while here he is known at preset chiefly as a humorist."

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MARK TWAIN OF LONG AGO.
One Old Friend Says He Was Almost Eighty Years Old.

SALT LAKE CITY, April 22. - "Mark Twain lacked only seven months and nine days of four score years of age," said Judge C. C. Goodwin, a veteran editor, in commenting on the death of the humorist. Judge Goodwin was one of the brilliant company who gathered at the Comstock lode in the old days.

"I know he said that he was only 75," continued the Judge, "but when we were in Virginia City, Nev., Mark was older than I was, and I am 78. Here is the record of it." He opened a book of biographies by Amelia J. Carver, published in 1889. There it was: "Samuel L. Clemens, Born November 30, 1830."

"I did not go on The Virginia City Enterprise until Clemens left it," said Judge Goodwin, "but I never ceased to hear from him. He first wrote a burlesque Fourth of July oration, which was published in Aurora (Nev.) paper. As I remember it, it began:

" 'I was sired by the great American Eagle and born by a Continental dam.' This pleased Joseph T. Goodman, editor of The Virginia City Enterprise. He wrote to Clemens, telling him that if he were not making more than The Enterprise was paying he would be welcomed to the staff of the paper. One day a man came into the editorial sanctum. He wore a dilapidated hat, jeans, a hickory shirt, and carried a roll of blankets.

"That was Mark Twain's entrance into literature. Except for his experience on The Enterprise, it is doubtful if he would ever have been known as a genius."

(The following edited article contains only reference to Mark Twain)

TRIBUTE TO TWAIN BY HIS HOME FOLK

His Writings Clean Because He Was Clean, the Toast of the Missourians.

A FORERUNNER OF REFORM

"The Gilded Age" an Up-to-Date Story of Grafters, Says ex-Gov. Folk—F. Hopkinson Smith's Eulogy.

The men and women in New York who come from Missouri, the State that produced Mark Twain, held their annual dinner last night at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, and almost every speaker paid a tribute to the great humorist.

F. Hopkinson Smith said that he had been asked to attend the dinner and say something about Mark Twain because he was from Virginia, the State that gave birth to Twain's father. "To-night there lies cold in death almost within the sound of my voice," went on Mr. Smith, "a clean-minded man, whose pen stood for all that is beautiful in literature.

"There was never a line from his pen that left a sting. There was nothing bitter; no sarcasm, no irony, no so-called mud-slinging; and that; too, in an age when misjudging is rampant. There was not a sentence he wrote which the purest of women could not read with pleasure. Because he was clean, therefore none of his output could be otherwise.

"I ask, Mr. President, that we rise and drink a silent toast to the memory of Mark Twain."

The suggestion was acted upon with alacrity.

"We mourn to-night the death of Missouri's most famous son," said ex-Gov. Joseph W. Folk. "He had a deeper insight into nature than any author in the last century, not excepting Dickens himself. 'The Gilded Age,' he wrote twenty-five years ago describes the ways and doings of grafters better than any book written in recent years. His works have made millions of lives brighter, and the world is better for his having lived in it.

made millions of lives brighter, and the world is better for his having lived in it.

Mark Twain as a Reformer.

Ex-Gov. Folk thought that Mark Twain's works had marked the beginning of the great reform movement that has been sweeping over this country, and is still doing its work of regeneration. After the civil war, he went on, people were busy trying to adjust their business and household affairs, and there was full opportunity for the sowing of the seed of corruption and their growth. Then the people, of whom the majority is always honest and straight, saw what had happened, whereupon there was a beginning made to clean out the houses of Government.

13. April 24, 1910 - FRENCH SNEER AT MARK TWAIN; LAST GLIMPSE HERE OF MARK TWAIN; (Apr il 24, 1910) MARK TWAIN --- PHILOSOPHER OF DEMOCRACY; (April 24, 1910) MARK TWAIN'S FIRST ENGLISH CRITIC & ENGLAND ALL RIGHT, DECLARES MR. BRYCE

FRENCH SNEER AT MARK TWAIN.

Ernest Charles Calls Him "the Most Laborious Humorist."

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

PARIS, April 23.—Almost all of the French journals have published appreciative notices of the value of Mark Twain's literary work. One must suppose in reading these notices an extraordinarily widespread knowledge of Kthe subtilities of the English language among Frenchmen.

A surprising exception is found in Ernest Charles, a critic much in the public view, who in a short article on Mark Twain seems determined to convince every reader possessing any degree of penetration that the views which he expresses are the product of ignorance and anti-Americanism combined. This article is published in Gil Blas, which has also been conspicuously unique in its sneering comments, not by any means witty, upon Theodore Roosevelt since his arrival in Paris.

Mr. Charles says in effect that Mark Twain did well to die, and that it was not his fault if, while he was all his life the most laborious humorist, he was totally lacking in wit.

"Mark Twain's humor," M. Charles adds, "was painful, his fantasies dense and difficult to follow. By them one may estimate the exact distance which separates the Yankee country from the civilized world; but anyhow, hurrah for Roosevelt!"

LAST GLIMPSE HERE OF MARK TWAIN

They Opened the Coffin in the Brick Church and 3,000 Persons Saw His Dead Face.

A TRAMP IN THE THRONG

Dr. Van Dyke Pays His Tribute and the Rev. Joseph Twichell Chokes Down His Tears to Pray.

A short pause was made in the journey of Samuel Langborne Clemens to his final resting place in Elmira yesterday, and he was brought to the Brick Church, at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street, that those who knew him might not be deprived of opportunity to see his face for the last time. A reading from the Scripture, a short address, and a prayer constituted the simple service. Then, for an hour and a half, a stream of people from all walks of life passed in front of the bier.

The same spirit which had led to the unbarring of Stormfield to breezes and sunshine on the day after the death pervaded the church yesterday. There was no gloom; only the peace that Mark Twain would have desired. The people who passed by the coffin saw not so much the man Samuel L. Clemens, a philosopher through the necessity for bearing misfortune, as Mark Twain, who was everything from Huckleberry Finn and Colonel Mulberry Sellers.

Mr. and Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the latter heavily veiled, sat in the front pew on the left side of the church. With them were Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Loomis and William Dean Howells. Behind these sat the Albert Bigelow Paines and Jarvis Langdon. In another pew were the widow and children of Samuel Moffatt, a favorite nephew of Mr. Clemens, who died in California several years ago.

The funeral party from Redding arrived in New York at noon, Mr. and Mrs. Gabrilowitsch going first to friends. The male members of the party accompanied the body to the Brick Church. At the Grand Central Station a few who knew the train on which the party was to arrive had gathered, and when the body was taken out a crow collected and all heads were bared as the coffin was lifted into the hearse.

Throng at the Chuech.

It was originally intended to open the church to the public at 3 o'clock, after the holders of the 400 tickets which nad the holders of the 400 tickets which nad been distributed had taken their seats. But the crowd at Thirty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue threatened to block traffic on the avenue, and at 2:30 it was decided to let them in. The church was almost immediately filled. In fact, several hundred persons who could not be accomodated remained on the streets during the service until it was time to view the body.

Inside the church complete quiet was maintained, even while the people were taking their seats. The effect was enhanced by the soft tones of the organ when Clarence Dickinson began playing Chopin's Funeral March. As he changed to the Death's Chariot music of Grieg's "Death of Asa" the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke and Dr. Joseph H. Twichell, both old friends of the author, came through the curtains into the pulpit.

Dr. Van Dyke stepped forward and began to read the Scriptural part of the Presbyterian funeral service.

When he had finished he entered without a break on his address. It was a simple and dignified estimate of the worth of the work that Mark Twain's life had produced. Throughout it was evident that the speaker was making a strong effort to keep down his emotion and control his voice. There was a noticeable break in his voice when he said: "Now he is gone."

Dr. Van Dyke's Address.

In part Dr. Van Dyke said:

"Those who know the story of Mark Twain's career know how bravely he faced hardships and misfortune, how loyally he toiled for years to meet a debt of conscience, following the injunction of the New Testament to provide not only things honest, but things 'honorable in the sight of all men.'

"Those who know the story of his friendships and his family life know that he was one who 'loved much' and faithfully, even unto the end. Those who know his work as a whole know that under the lambent and irrepressible humor which was his gift there was a foundation of serious thoughts and noble affections and desires.

"Nothing could be more false than to suppose that the presence of humor means the absence of depth and earnestness. There are elements of the unreal, the absurd, the ridiculous in this strange, incongruous world which must seem humorous even to the highest Mind. Of these the Bible says, 'He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Almighty shall hold them in derision.' But the mark of this higher humor is that it does not laugh at the weak, the helpless, the true, the innocent; only at the false, the pretentious, the vain, the hypocritical.

"Mark Twain himself would be the first to smile at the claim that his humor was infallible. But we may say without doubt that he used his gift, not for evil, but for good. The atmosphere of his work is clean and wholesome. He made fun without hatred. He laughed many of the world's false claimants out of court, and entangled many of the world's false witnesses in the net of ridicule. In his best books and stories, colored with his own experience, he touched the absurdities of life with penetrating but not unkindly mockery, and made us feel somehow the infinite pathos of life's realities. No one can say that he ever failed to reverence the purity, the frank, joyful, genuine nature of the little children, of whom Christ said, 'Of such is the Kingdom of of Heaven.'

"Now he is gone, and our thoughts of him are tender, grateful, proud. We are glad of his friendship; glad that he has expressed so richly one of the great elements in the temperament of America; glad that he has left such an honorable record as a man of letters, and glad, also,

record as a man of letters, and glad, also, for his sake, that after many and deep sorrows, he is at peace, and we trust happy in the fuller light.

> "Rest after toil, port after stormy seas,
> Death after life doth greatly please."

Bad News to Dr. Twichell.

Then the Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Twichell of Hartford came forward to deliver the prayer. Associated with the dead author from the middle and happiest part of his life, the minister who performed the marriage that brought so much happiness into Mr. Clemens's life and lived to hold the funeral services of not only the wife, but of three of the children born of the marriage, it was no wonder that when he came to deliver a prayer at the death of his friend his voice should fail him. Throughout the short service he had sat with bowed head to conceal the fact that tears had found their way to the surface. Now he made a determined effort to control himself, and finally was able to say what he had to say.

Although fully as old as Mark Twain, Mr. Twichell carries his age well. He is a big, vigorous-looking man. With his mass of heavy white hair he does not look unlike Mark Twain himself. His prayer, except for the benediction by Dr. Van Dyke, ended the service. When he left the pulpit and retired into the robing room, he received a blow that was particularly sad owing to the circumstances under which it came—a telegram saying that his wife was seriously ill in Hartford and that he must return there at once. He left the church immediately and took the first train for his home. It was arranged that in his stead the Rev. Samuel E. Eastman, pastor of the Park Church, should officiate at the services in Elmira.

3,000 Passed the Coffin.

The service in the Brick Church lasted only twenty minutes. It is estimated that fifteen hundred persons crowded to hear it. At its conclusion it was announced that the coffin would be opened. The lines of those within the church began to pass around it, and the crowd from the street pushed in. This was at half past three. There was no abatement in the stream for the next hour and a half. Finally at 5 o'clock it was found necessary to close the doors, as the body had to be taken to Hoboken and put aboard the special train for Elmira. More than three thousand persons meantime had passed in front of the coffin.

Every walk of life was represented in the line, which filed slowly past the coffin. Before the doors were opened a score of brightly dressed little girls appeared in front of the church, each with flowers in her hand. They were disappointed at not being allowed to enter, but the ushers appeased them by taking their flowers and setting them near the bier.

When the people had been filing past only a few moments it could be seen that almost every nationality was represented. There were several negroes. Jervis Langdon, who was standing near the head of the coffin, was much interested in one of the persons who passed him. He said that the man looked the very picture of tramphood, but his bearing was easy, and he seemed to be unconscious of his tattered clothes, stopping for a long look at the face of Mark Twain. Mr. Paine also saw him, and said he was probably some one who had seen better days, in which he had read Mark Twain and conceived a liking for his work.

All religions were represented. Some of those who passed crossed themselves as they did so.

Bay Wreath on the Coffin.

The idea of simplicity was carried out in all the arrangements. There were no pall bearers. Although surrounded by flowers, there was nothing on the coffin except a wreath which Dan Beard had made of bay leaves gathered the night before, at the request of the family, on the hill behind the house where Mark Twain spent a good deal of his time. This was put on the coffin when it was taken out of Stormfield, and will not be removed. A copper plate on the lid bore the inscription:

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS,
MARK TWAIN.
1910.

All the persons of literary prominence who are in this part of the country were present yesterday, besides delegations from the better-known clubs. Albert Bigelow Paine, biographer-to-be of the dead humorist, and Major Frederick Leigh and Frederick A. Duneka of Harper's were in the vestibule of the church to receive. Other than these the ushers were the undertaker's men.

Some of the Mourners.

Here are some of the prominent persons who were present:

William Dean Howells, Miss Mildred Howells, Andrew and Mrs. Carnegie, Prof. and Mrs. Brander Matthews, W. W. Ellsworth, and C. C. Buel of the Century Company; David Bispham, Will N. Harben, Peter Finley Dunne, Sydney Porter, (O. Henry,) James Lane Allen, Will Carleton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Collier, John B. Stanchfield, Philip V. Mighels,

MARK TWAIN --- PHILOSOPHER OF DEMOCRACY
The Serious Side of the Famous Humorist Whose Dominant Note Was Love of Liberty and Hate of Shams.

"I am through with work for this life and this world." - Mark Twain to the reporters on his return from Bermuda, Dec. 1909.

Call a philosopher a humorist, and for the rest of his life, though he live to be more than 70, people will grin expectantly whenever he heaves a sigh. There are humorists and humorists: there is Marshall P. Wilder, and there was Shakespeare. It might have perturbed Shakespeare a little if, when he returned to London, city editors had called the staff funny man and said, "Bill Shakespeare, the humorist, got back today. Go and get him to spring a few jokes." It might have annoyed him if people had eagerly bought his latest play, and after reading it had said, disappointedly, "I don't see anything funny in this 'Hamlet.' Shakespeare isn't doing as good work as he used to; there isn't a laugh in it anywhere."

But the label "humorist" was clapped on Mark Twain, the same label that is proudly worn by Marshall P. Wilder, and he passed into his seventies leaving a great many Americans unaware that it was an inadequate a description as would be the case if George Washington was described as a "surveyor." Washington was a surveyor, of course; yes, and Mark Twain a humorist.

Therefore it came to pass than an eminent British critic was able to read from cover to cover that terrific, blazing denunciation of monarchy, aristocracy, and class privilege called "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's court," looking laboriously for the joke. He found it, of course, but he remarked disappointedly that the joke of putting a Yankee at the Round Table was one which was exhausted in twenty pages, and to prolong it over 400 was to spread it pretty thin. If some one had told the Briton that looking for the joke was as silly a proceeding in this case as it would have been in the case of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," he would never have understood it.

Some years ago a well-known American novelist published the story of how he and some of his friends got into a dispute abut what town it really was that had served as the model for "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg." Some thought it was one city, some another. Finally, meeting Mark Twain on a railroad train, they left it to him. Mark Twain listened to them and evaded the subject; the novelist could not imagine why.

It is easy to understand what weariness of soul must have possessed Mark Twain when this man - not an ordinary fool, but a man of letters - and his friends, presumably all men of intelligence, evinced so complete a misunderstanding of him. For, of course, the place that was the model for Hadleyburg were the human race, the nineteen men of light and leading were the virtuous and untempted of all times and all places. What would John Bunyan have thought if some eminent men of his day had asked him, to settle a bet, what city he had in mind when he made Christian flee from the City of Destruction - London or Bristol?

And John Bunyan's purpose was no stronger than, in many of his works, was Mark Twain's. Things hidden from the wise and prudent are revealed to babes. It was a fourteen-year-old child who first saw the truth - that astonishing little Susy Clemens, who studied her father with the wise eyes of a critical childhood and then wrote down:

"He is known to the public as a humorist, but he has much more in him that is earnest than that is humorous. ... His 'Prince and Pauper' is his most original and best production; it shows the most of any of his books what kind of pictures are in his mind, usually. Not that the pictures of England in the sixteenth century and the adventures of a little Prince and pauper are the kind of things he mainly thinks about, but that that book and those pictures represent the train of thought and imagination he would be likely to be thinking of today, tomorrow, or next day, more nearly than those given in 'Tom Sawyer' or 'Huckleberry Finn.' "

"It is so yet," commented Mark Twain, reading this comment over twenty-one years later when the little hand that wrote it had long been dust.

"When we are alone," continued the keen little observer, "nine times out of ten he talks about some very earnest subjects, (with an occasional joke thrown in,) and he a good deal more often talks upon such subjects than upon the other kind.

"He is as much of a philosopher as anything, I think. I think he could have done a great deal in this direction if he had studied while young, for he seems to enjoy reasoning out things, no matter what; in a great many such directions he has greater ability than in the gifts which have made him famous."

By this judgment of his clear-sighted little critic Mark Twain stood. He felt that she understood him. "Two years after she passed out of my life," he said long afterward, "I wrote a philosophy. Of the three persons who have seen the manuscript only one understood it, and all three condemned it. If she could have read it she also would have condemned it - but she would have understood it."

"While I have been waiting here," said George Bernard Shaw, grasping Twain's hand as he stepped on English shores two or three years ago, "the representatives of the press have been asking me whether you were really serious when you wrote 'The Jumping Frog.' "

If they had asked him if Twain were merely joking when he wrote "Eve's Diary," "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg," "A Connecticut Yankee," or "The Prince and the Pauper," they would have committed a blunder in which they would have had plenty of company.

As long as he used a humorous setting for his doctrines the mass of stupid people looked only at the setting and never saw the doctrine. When he dropped the comic mask and issued straight from the shoulder those savage denunciations of our Philippine policy and of the looting missionaries in China the same stupid people were shocked and grieved, and said it was regrettable to see "the genial humorist" deserting his usual walk to enter into polemics. They actually did not know that what he was saying in those denunciations was what he had been saying all along in the works which they had laughed over for the "genial humor" contained in them.

"Mark Twain," said Shaw, "is by far the greatest American writer. I am speaking of him rather as a sociologist than as a humorist. Of course he is in very much the same position as myself - he has to put things in such a way as to make people who would otherwise hand him believe he is joking."

And to judge by the shrieks of rage which were aroused by Twain's assaults upon Gen. Funston and the American Board of Foreign Missions, Shaw was almost literally correct, even as to the hanging. Yet all Twain did in those cases was to take the comic mask off and say without it what he had been saying from behind it for years.

Never was there a more splendid democrat than Mark Twain. His democracy is the sort that searches below the forms and cant words of the conventional democracy. Take, for instance, this view of "loyalty to the institutions of the country" - how Mark Twain's idea of it differs from that of the routine patriot:

"You see my kind of loyalty was loyalty to one's country, not to its institutions or its office holders. The country is the real thing, the substantial thing, the eternal thing; it is the thing to watch over, and care for, and be loyal to; institutions are extraneous, they are its mere clothing, and clothing can wear out, become ragged, cease to be comfortable, cease to protect the body from Winter, disease, and death. To be loyal to rags, to shout for rags, to worship rags, to die for rages - that is loyalty to unreason; it is pure animal; it belongs to monarchy, was invented by monarchy; let monarchy keep it."

When Mark Twain came out seriously - with the comic mask off - against our Philippine policy his denunciation was received with grieved pain and surprise, as something entirely new, by the very people who ten years before had read and laughed over the "Connecticut Yankee," in that book, written long before the Philippine annexation, is this clear exposition of Mark Twain's doctrine on that point:

"There is a phrase which has grown so common in the world's mouth that it has come to seem to have sense and meaning - the sense and meaning implied when it is used: that this is the phrase which refers to this or that or the other nation as possibly being 'capable of self-government,' and the implied sense of it is that there has been a nation somewhere, sometime or other, which wasn't capable of it - wasn't as able to govern itself as some self-appointed specialists were or would be to govern it."
When Elihu Root, in 1906, made his speech pointing out the rapid centralization of Government at Washington, the rapid wiping out of State rights, Mark Twain commented in his autobiography:
"He did not say in so many words that we are proceeding in a steady march toward eventual and unavoidable replacement of the Republic by monarchy, but I suppose he was aware that that is the case. He notes the several steps, the customary steps, which in all ages have led to the consolidation of loose and scattered governmental forces into formidable centralizations of authority, but he stops there, and doesn't add up the sum.
"Human nature being what it is, I suppose we must expect to drift into monarchy by and by. It is a saddening thought; but we cannot change our nature; we are all alike, we human beings; and in our blood and bone, and ineradicable, we carry the seeds out of which monarchies and aristocracies are grown: worship of gauds, titles, distinctions, power....We have to be despised by somebody whom we regard as above us, or we are not happy; we have to have somebody to worship and envy, or we cannot be content.
"In America we manifest this in all the ancient and customary ways. In public we scoff at titles and hereditary privilege; but privately we hanker after them and when we get a chance we buy them for cash and a daughter....And when we get them the whole nation publicly chaffs and scoffs - and privately envies - and also is proud of the honor which has been conferred upon us. We run over our list of titled purchases every now and then in the newspapers, and discuss them and caress them, and are thankful and happy.
"Like all the other nations, we worship money and the possessors of it - they being our aristocracy, and we have to have one. We like to read about rich people in the papers; the papers know it, and they do their best to keep this appetite liberally fed. Then even leave out a football bullfight now and then to get room for all the particulars of how, according to the display heading, 'Rich Woman Fell Down Cellar - Not Hurt.' The falling down the cellar is of no interest to us when the woman is not rich; but no rich woman can fall down cellar and we not yearn to know all about it and wish it was us...
"I suppose we must expect that unavoidable and irresistible circumstances will gradually take away the powers of the States and concentrate them in the central Government, and that the Republic will then repeat the history of all time and become a monarchy, but I believe that if we obstruct these encroachments and steadily resist them the monarchy can be postponed for a good while yet."
Mark Twain was an advocate of every reform which seemed to him in line with this fundamental democracy of his - curtailment of privilege, extension of human rights - the democracy which was always his passion. He was an advocate of woman's suffrage, for instance. When he returned from Bermuda last December he was asked his views on that question and replied that he had advocated it in his writings "for fifty years." The reporters asked him: "That was before the recent demonstrations of the work of the militant suffragettes. Do you approve of their methods? And the sturdy democrat made this significant reply:
"The cause of freedom cannot be won without vigorous fighting. Militant methods have appeared necessary to the women who have adopted them. The women have the interests of a great cause at stake, and I approve of their using any methods which they see fir for accomplishing the big results which they are fighting for. You may use one method to carry a cause to victory; I may use another. Militant methods have appeared necessary in the

fight of the suffragettes in many places where the cause finds its main supporters."
Here, from his autobiography, is a terrible visualization of some of those statistics which seem so meaningless when we gaze blankly at printed tables. With his usual dramatic method, he introduces it with a reference to Tennyson's verses forecasting "a future when air-borne vessels of war shall meet and fight above the clouds and redden the earth below with a rain of blood." Then he introduced his statistics - that on our 200,000 miles of railway we annually kill 10,000 persons outright and injure 80,000. Now for the picture:
"I had a dream last night. It was an admirable dream. What there was of it.
"In it I saw a funeral procession; I saw it from a mountain peak; I saw it crawling along and curving here and there, serpent like, through a level, vast plain. I seemed to see a hundred miles of the procession; but neither the beginning of it nor the end of it was within the limits of my vision. The procession was in ten divisions, each division marked by a sombre flag, and the whole represented ten years of our railway activities in the accident line. Each division was composed of 80,000 cripples, and was bearing its own year's 10,000 mutilated corpses to the grave; in the aggregate 800,000 cripples, and 100,000 dead, drenched in blood."
Another quotation, showing the quality of Mark Twain's democracy - again from the "Connecticut Yankee":
"Why, it was like reading about France and the French before the ever-memorable and blessed Revolution which swept a thousand years of such villainy away in one swift tidal wave of blood - one; a settlement of that hoary debt in the proportion of half a drop of blood for each hogshead of it that had been pressed by slow tortures out of that people in the weary stretch of ten centuries of wrong and shame and misery, the like of which was not to be mated but in hell.
"There were two 'Reigns of Terror,' if we would but remember it and consider it; the one wrought murder in hot passion, the other in heartless cold blood; the one lasted mere months, the other had lasted a thousand years; the one inflicted death upon ten thousand persons, the other upon a hundred millions, but our shudders are all for the 'horrors' of the minor Terror, the momentary Terror, so to speak; whereas, what is the horror of swift death by the axe, compared with lifelong death from hunger, cold, insult, cruelty, and heart-break? What is swift death by lightning compared with death by slow fire at the stake?
"A city cemetery could contain the coffins filled by that brief Terror which we have all been so diligently taught to shiver at and mourn over; but all France could hardly contain the coffins filled by that older and real Terror - that unspeakably bitter and awful Terror which none of us has been taught to see in its vastness or pity as it deserves."
Here is his view of an Established Church:
"Concentration of power in a political machine is bad; and an Established Church is only a political machine; it was invented for that; it is nursed, cradled, preserved for that; is it an enemy to human liberty, and does no good which it could not better do in a split-up scattered condition."
"The Prince and the Pauper" is a beautiful story, but it is also the plainest of parables. It is the parable of democracy, the equality of man - the Robert Burns democracy of "a man's a man for a' that." Put the pauper in the Prince's clothes, and after he has become adjusted to his circumstances no one can tell the difference; indeed, no one does suspect it even before that adjustment is made. And the pauper rules the kingdom wisely as the King.
Who has analyzed the meaning of mobs, the psychology of lynching, the philosophy of hoodlumism, the truth of White Capping, as Mark Twain has in the speech which he puts into the mouth of Col. Sherburn, addressing the cowed Arkansas mob that has come to lynch him, in "Huckleberry Finn"? And its bitter analysis of certain phases of the South is all the more pregnant as coming from a born Missourian and ex-Confederate like Mark Twain:
"The idea of you thinking you had pluck enough to lynch a MAN! Because you're brave enough to tar and feather poor, friendless women that come along here, did

that make you think you had grit enough to lay your hands on a MAN? Why, a MAN'S safe in the hands of ten thousand of your kind - as long as it's daytime and you're not behind him.

"Do I know you? I know you clear through. I was born and raised in the South, and I've lived in the North; so I know the average all around. The average man's a coward. In the North he lets anybody walk over him that wants to and goes home and prays for a humble spirit to bear it. In the South one man, all by himself, has stopped a stage full of men in the daytime, and robbed the lot. Your newspapers call you a brave people, so much that you think you are braver than any other people - whereas you're just as brave, and no braver. Why don't your juries hang murderers? Because they're afraid the man's friends will shoot them in the back, in the dark - and it's just what they would do.

"So they always acquit, and then a man goes in the night, with a hundred masked cowards at this back, and lynches the rascal. Your mistake is that you didn't bring a man with you; that's one mistake, and the other is that you didn't come in the dark and fetch your masks...

"Now the thing for you to do is to droop your tails and go home and crawl in a hole. If any real lynching's going to be done it will be done in the dark, Southern fashion, and when they come they'll bring their masks and fetch a MAN along."

If any one wishes to know what Mark Twain though of women let him read "Eve's Diary" - but read it understandingly. Thousands have laughed over it; there must have been hundreds with sensibility enough to read it with a warming of the heart. How, throughout it, Mark Twain laughs at women with tears in his eyes! It is a portrait of woman. Running through all of it is this dogma: Through woman alone can there be a sense of beauty in the world.

The superiority of woman to man is a tiresome and meaningless stock-in-trade after-dinner orators [sic]. It is doubtful if anybody has ever believed in it sincerely, or if he has it is certain that he never succeeded in explaining it. But Mark Twain, without saying it at all, has deftly wrought, on every page, the explanation of wherein this superiority consists - without discussing at all that other question, the superiority of man to woman. Contrasted with the sensitive, imaginative, eager creature is the unimaginative, materialistic Adam, who conscious throughout of the things in which he is superior, never learns of the things in which she is superior - never, that is, until the lonely man writes this inscription on her grave:

"Wheresoever she was, there was Eden."

And with that the story closes.

There is much more than democracy in Mark Twain's philosophy, but the other features of it would require a chapter by themselves. But his view of such matters as heredity, environment, and other catch words of the sort is never summed up better than in the "Connecticut Yankee":

"Training - training is everything; training is all there is to a person. We speak of nature; it is folly; there is no such thing as nature; what we call by that misleading name is merely heredity and training. We have no thoughts of our own, no opinions of our own; they are transmitted to us, trained into us.

"All that is original in us, and therefore fairly creditable or discreditable to us, can be covered up and hidden by the point of a cambric needle, all the rest being atoms contributed by, and inherited from, a procession of ancestors that stretches back a billion years to the Adam-clan or grasshopper or monkey from who our race has been so tediously and ostentatiously and unprofitably developed.

"And as for me, all that I think about in this plodding sad pilgrimage, this pathetic drift between the eternities, is to look out and humbly live a pure and high and blameless life, and save that one microscopic atom in me that is truly ME; the rest may land in Sheol and welcome for all I care."

ENGLAND ALL RIGHT, DECLARES MR. BRYCE

HIS TRIBUTE TO MARK TWAIN

One of the Greatest Writers, He Says at the St. George's Society Dinner —Seth Low's Warning.

The members of the St. George's Society celebrated St. George's Day and the one hundred and twenty-fourth anniversary of their own society last night with a dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria. Lloyd B. Sanderson, the President, was toastmaster, and the chief orator was the Right Hon. James Bryce, the British Ambassador, who, after paying tribute to the admirable work done by the society in relieving distress, spoke of the grief which Britons everywhere, no less than Americans, felt at the death of one who had adorned their common literature by his brilliant and varied gifts.

"Samuel Clemens," said the Ambassador, "whom all the world will continue to call Mark Twain, was one of the greatest writers of the generation now passing away. He was a great humorist, and also, when he dealt with serious themes, a master of pathos, a story teller of inexhaustible inventive power, and at all times a profound student of human nature. His views were always profound and accurate.

"It has been my privilege to know Mr. Clemens personally, never intimately, but enough to appreciate the charm of his character, his kindliness, his simplicity, his bright vivacity in talk, and his fine zeal and sympathy for all good causes. He was a man of whom America and indeed all the English-speaking race might well be proud, and whose sweet and noble memory those who knew him will ever cherish."

14. April 25, 1910 - AKED CALLS TWAIN A SEER & TWAIN AT REST; BURIED BESIDE WIFE

AKED CALLS TWAIN A SEER.

Pastor Says He Looked Deep Into the Soul of Things.

The Rev. C. F. Aked at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church last night, in a sermon on Mark Twain, said he was as great as any of the Hebrew prophets, and was not a humorist, as Americans felt, but a philosopher and a seer, as he was regarded in England. The text was Samuel I., ix., 9: "For he that is now called a Prophet was beforetime called a Seer."

"A prophet,' said Dr. Aked, "is a man who speaks for God. A seer is a man who sees into the very soul of things. To-night I'm going to talk about a great servant of humanity who was also a great seer of humanity, Mark Twain, a man who has deserved to be called as truly as any man of the Hebrew race, a seer.

"He saw into the very depths of things, beneath the forms of things, deep into the soul. He refused to look through a guidebook, either when seeing Europe or looking through its art galleries. This was characteristic of the man from the first work he produced down to the last time he let the pen fall from his hand. This is why he was so much to the peoples beyond the seas. In this country Mark Twain is regarded as a humorist, but not so by the British people. Maybe, of course, the British can't appreciate humor. That is one of your most cherished delusions."

Dr. Aked then went on to tell of the dispatches quoting German and English papers on Mark Twain's death, all of which spoke of his deep passion for humanity and his wide sympathy and insight into humanity.

"It was this," said Dr. Aked, "that made him so loved by the British. It was not the rollicking humor that took them. Here it was the great, rollicking, magnificent humor of Mark Twain that made him popular. He has added to the gayety of nations. His humor was clean. I can't recall to mind one unclean jest of Mark Twain's. His humor was boisterous, extravagant, rollicking. It verged upon the profane, but isn't American humor always verging upon the profane?"

Without answering this, Dr. Aked told "an unpublished story of Mark Twain."

"It was told me by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe," said Dr. Aked. "A young man was at a party at which Mark Twain was a guest. Mark Twain had at his service a long string of blasphemous oaths of his Mississippi pilot days. The young man said he would have to leave. 'Why?' asked Mark Twain. 'Well,' replied the young man, 'I don't like some of your

young man, 'I don't like some of your
language, and I'm sure my mother wouldn't like it.' 'My boy,' said Mark Twain, 'you'll never hear an oath while you're in this party.' 'Thank you,' said the young man."

The story ended with Mark Twain living up to his word.

"Respect for women and reverence for womanhood is in everything Mark Twain ever wrote. He was pious beyond the meaning of his will, and he builded better than he knew, this fine heart of gold."

Dr. Aked quoted from many of Mark Twain's books at length to illustrate his sermon.

friends. Dr. Eastman said in part:

"We are not here at this time to speak of the great man whose going hence the whole world mourns, nor to claim for him that place in the halls of fame which only time can give him. We are here to weep with those that weep, to give thanks with those whose own he was in the sacred bonds of human kinship and family affection."

The last visit of Mr. Clemens to Elmira was two years ago, when he came especially to be present at the dedication of the new organ in the Park Church. It was suggested then that he go to the old home on East Hill, where he wrote many of his early stories, but he demurred, replying that such a visit would awaken sorrowful thoughts. He had not been to that former abode since before the death of his wife.

It was recalled to-day that forty years ago Mr. Beecher held Sunday afternoon services at the Elmira Opera House, engaging a brass band, and thus shocking the Protestant Ministers' Union, which suspended Mr. Beecher from its rolls. Mr. Clemens came to the defense of Mr. Beecher and the methods he employed to elevate the masses, writing several articles on the subject for the local press. Just south of the Langdon residence in the park stands the Beecher statue. On the occasion of his last visit here Mr. Clemens viewed the statue.

Just before the hour of the funeral there arrived a large floral design with the following card attached:

"From five hundred boys of Louisville (Ky.) Male High School. In remembrance of Samuel L. Clemens, who has brightened their lives with innocent laughter and taught them squareness and grit and compassion."

The piece received a conspicuous place at the bier. Much sorrow was expressed when it was learned that the wife of the Rev. Mr. Twitchell, who officiated at the services yesterday and who expected to assist Mr. Eastman here to-day, was dead.

15. May 1, 1910 - MARK TWAIN'S SECRET BOOK GIVES STARTLING VIEWS

MARK TWAIN'S SECRET BOOK GIVES STARTLING VIEWS

The Humorist Wrote His Serious Thoughts on Religion and Life and Had Them Printed for Private Circulation Among His Intimates

A few years ago the man whom all the world knew as a humorist wrote a book the philosophical drift of which was thus characterized by the author in one of the closing chapters: "It is a desolating doctrine; it is not inspiring, enthusing, uplifting. It takes the glory out of man, it takes the pride out of him, it takes the heroism out of him, it denies him all personal credit, all applause; it not only degrades him to a machine, but allows him no control over the machine; makes a mere coffee mill of him, and neither permits him to supply the coffee nor turn the crank; his sole and piteously humble function being to grind coarse or fine, according to his make, outside impulses doing all the rest."

A strange philosophy for a humorist! but it represented Mark Twain's real view of life. Why did he keep it hidden during all the years that he was addressing - nearly always with a smile - the public? In a prefatory note to the book, he answers the question in this wise: February, 1905. The studies for these papers were begun twenty-five or twenty-seven years ago. The papers were written seven years ago. I have examined them once or twice per year since and found them satisfactory. I have just examined them again, and am still satisfied that they speak the truth.

Every thought in them has been thought (and accepted as unassailable truth) by millions upon millions of men - and concealed, kept private. Why did they not speak out? Because they dreaded (and could not bear) the disapproval of the people around them. Why have I not published? The same reason has restrained me, I think. I can find no other.

Mark Twain really never published the book. He had 250 copies printed for private circulation only. The book was anonymous, the author distributing it only among his intimate friends.

"What Is Man?" is the title, and the only inscription on the book cover. On the second fly leaf are printed, "Copyright, 1906, by J. W. Bothwell," (Mr. Bothwell was at that time Mark Twain's private secretary,) and "Printed by the De Vinne Press. 1906." The matter in the book fills up 140 pages.

This is an illustration of how well the secret has been kept: THE TIMES reporter interviewed a man who is an expert in Mark Twain's bibliography. Said he: "I had never even head of the book until a few days ago, when I received a note from a man asking if I could give him any information about an alleged Clemens secret book, of which he had heard a rumor. I had to reply that I was even more in the dark than he."

A few years ago Mr. Mitchell Kennerley of this city was a passenger on the ocean liner on which Mark Twain was traveling to England to receive his degree of Doctor of Laws from Oxford University. They had many conversations on the subject of man's moral and spiritual makeup - a subject that seemed to be very close to the humorist's heart.

At the close of their last conversation Mark Twain said: "I have written down my thoughts on this subject and put them in book form. I have presented this book only to friends, and will be glad to give you a copy. When I'm dead - well, when a man is dead the public will forgive him most anything."

It is through Mr. Kennerley's courtesy that THE TIMES is able to give the following extracts from the book, which summarize Mark Twain's hitherto concealed philosophy of life.

The book is in the form of a dialogue between an Old Man and a Young Man. The Old Man had asserted that a human being is merely a machine and nothing more. The Young Man objected and asked him to go into particulars and furnish his reasons for this position.

[The article concludes with a lengthy extract from "What Is Man?".]

16. May 4, 1910 - MARK TWAIN'S WILL FILED

MARK TWAIN'S WILL FILED.
Leaves Everything to His Daughter, Mrs. Gabrilowitsch.

REDDING, Conn., May 8. - Under the will of Mark Twain, filed for probate at Redding today, all his property, save 5 percent in ready cash, is bequeathed in trust to his only daughter, Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch. The 5 percent cash is given to her outright. Arrangements are made for quarterly payments of interest to Mrs. Gabrilowitsch by the trustees.

Mr. Clemens remarked in his will that he took this method of bequeathing his estate to his daughter in order to leave the property "free from any control or interference from any husband she may have."

The home, Stormfield, is valued at $30,000, and there is thought to be about $150,000 on deposit in banks. No estimate has been made of the literary assets, but they will be ascertained by the trustees of the will later in the week.

The will was dated Aug. 17, 1909, and covers eight typewritten pages. It was drawn in Redding and witnessed by Mr. Clemens's secretary, Albert Bigelow Paine, Harry Lounsbury, Superintendent of Mr. Clemens's estate, and Charles G. Sark of New York. The will appoints Jarvis Langdon of Elmira, N. Y.; Zohet S. Freeman, and Edward E. Loomis of New York as trustees and executors.

When the will was drawn, a second daughter, Jean Clemens, was alive, and by the terms of the will each daughter is to receive 5 per cent of all money on deposit in the bank at once, the residue of the estate to be divided equally and invested by the trustees and the income paid quarterly to the heirs. In case of the death of either heir without leaving issue or will, the whole estate is to go to the next of kin. In case there is issue and no will the estate is to go to that issue.

The heirs are given the privilege of disposing of their shares by will as they may see fit. In case both heirs to estate die without issue or will, the estate is to go to the next of kin.

The will further says that his daughter Clara and his biographer, Mr. Paine, know his desires as to his literary assets, and directs that the trustees be guided by them in their disposal. No bonds are required of the trustees.

17. May 8, 1910 - KING EDWARD AND MARK TWAIN

King Edward and Mark Twain.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

The death of King Edward VII. so soon following that of him whom English-speaking people termed "America's uncrowned King," the late Mark Twain, reminds me of an incident illustrating the pure Americanism of Twain. He was invited to a garden party given by the King at Buckingham Palace. I asked him how he enjoyed the garden party and he answered in his well-known drawl:

"The—King—seemed—to—enjoy—it."

He told me that he was ushered to the front at the garden party, where the King and Queen were receiving, which was a raised part of the garden. The people applauded as he neared the sovereign, and this is how he described what occurred:

"I knew we were the centre of all eyes, and I felt my oats. When I approached King Edward, he extended his right hand, and as I took it he placed his other hand on my shoulder. I thought to myself if the King could put his hand on my shoulder I could put mine on his, and so I did. There we two great men stood before all the people 'layin' on of hands.'"

WILLET F. COOK.

Canajoharie, N. Y., May 6, 1910.

18. May 14, 1910 - MARK TWAIN'S ‘‘AUTOMATON’‘

MARK TWAIN'S "AUTOMATON"

Points of Resemblance Between His "Secret Book" and "John Stormfield's Visit to Heaven"

THE article in THE NEW YORK TIMES of May 1 on Mark Twain's "Secret Book" opens up a subject that may be worth further thought. The extracts given from his book "What Is Man?" show that the author was satisfied with his product from the intellectual standpoint; that is, he made no attempt to better its conclusions. But that as a man, as a whole, he was not satisfied is clear enough from the following paragraph which is quoted from one of the closing chapters of the book in THE TIMES article:

> It is a desolating doctrine; it is not inspiriting, enthusing, uplifting. It takes the glory out of man, it takes the pride out of him, it takes the heroism out of him, it denies him all personal credit, all applause; it not only degrades him to a machine, but allows him no control over the machine; makes a mere coffee mill of him, and neither permits him to supply the coffee nor turn the crank; his sole and piteously humble function being to grind coarse or fine, according to his make, outside impulses doing all the rest.

Mark Twain was not the first thoughtful man who got stranded on the rocky coast of the Automaton. Among the writers in the nineteenth century belonging to the evolutionary school, there were many such. In fact, the kind of thinking that does not accept a sufficient cause before it goes traveling through worlds or parts of this world with the telescope and the microscope is logically bound, if it gets far enough, to say no to its own humanity and call itself a coffee mill or a steam engine, or a sewing machine, as our friend Dr. Clemens did.

But Mark Twain did not go the length that most of the others did. Only a few moments with his Captain Stormfield, the hero of his last published work, will show this. Stormfield was given an automaton on which to reach heaven after his death; and at comet speed he traveled, but he remained the man nevertheless. He was given hymn book and halo and harp and wings; but, like David of old, with Saul's armor he threw them aside, preferring to be himself and free of such mechanisms; free to go where he would, to rejoice, in his own way, with the one solitary hymn he could remember; to be sung not from compulsion, continuously, but from contentment when he would.

At first thought some readers may have formed a harsh opinion of the "Secret Book"; but it is too much like

"Secret Book"; but it is too much like

"Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven" to be considered a finality. It is rather the attempt of a thoughtful mind to get to the bottom of things than the conclusions of denial; and this, in spite of some statements in the book that the author is no longer a humble, earnest, and sincere Truth Seeker. What he then goes on to say is perfectly true: "A permanent Truth Seeker is a human impossibility; as soon as the Seeker finds what he is thoroughly convinced is the Truth, he seeks no further, but gives the rest of his days to hunting junk to patch it and calk it and prop it with, and make it weather proof and keep it from caving in on him." But this is true in the same sense that morning, noon, and night make a day; and that after one day has gone another comes. Every work done and every stage of work involves preparation, involves the moment or condition when preparation ceases and action from a determined plan begins. Some small changes in an architect's plans are possible, but the draughting room is the place for designing and the open air the place for the workman. The contractor and the builder may be called automatons by the draughtsman in a moment of elation at the plan, but the need for full manhood does not cease when materials are being shaped or assembled.

A few moments ago reference was made to the need of a sufficient Cause in order to true thinking. Let us think of the architect and his plan as that. Even when no alteration is made there is no degradation of the builders into automatons; for one and all are able to enter, each according to his general stock of intelligence, into the plans themselves, to criticise them, perhaps to learn much from them. Religion, the world over, is essentially teaching concerning a sufficient cause—concerning "a power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness." This is Matthew

Arnold's well-known setting, not a complete statement, but to those who can unconsciously supply the lack it is very pleasing. For a power that makes for righteousness involves all that we call personality or humanity, and it therefore involves the affirmation of a cause sufficient to account for human rather than merely mechanical action on our part.

In the Christian teaching concerning the incarnation there is a further forward step. The divine is not only related to orderly creation, but has become teacher and also the giver of the power to follow the teaching. In other words, although man may tend to become an automaton, to be the slave of routine, to be merely a Presbyterian, or a Baptist, or a Roman Catholic, or a Buddhist, or merely American or English, or Irish or German; or, again, merely a Democrat or a mugwump; there is given by the Lord himself the power to be a Man and also a Christian; to deal with things not from the standpoints of the past, but of the present, because of the presence of the sufficient cause of true humanity in the individual to-day.

This article is written at the suggestion of the Hon. John Bigelow. On May 3 he wrote to a friend asking him to take up this subject of Mark Twain's "Secret Book," and this gentleman handed it to the writer. Mr. Bigelow is a Swedenborgian, and he wished that some of Swedenborg's clear statements on the subjects touched upon in THE TIMES article should be given to the public. Here are a few of them:

> "Faith (or thought) without charity (or kindness) is like the breathing of the lungs without a heart, which cannot exist in any living thing, but only in an automaton."
>
> "A man who does not resist evil, but stands like an automaton, seeing nothing and doing nothing, thinks from evil for evil, and not against it."
>
> "Every man is free, not from himself, but from the Lord."
>
> "The Lord loves man and wishes to dwell with him, but He cannot do so unless He is received and loved * * * for this reason the Lord has given man freedom and reason; freedom to think and will as from himself, and reason according thereto."
>
> "The slavery and captivity in which the man of the Church has been heretofore is taken away; and now, from restored freedom, he is better able to see truth if he wishes to."
>
> "The Lord does not take away evil in a moment, * * * but takes it away so silently and successively that the man does not know anything about it. This is done by allowing the man to act according to the thought which he makes to be of reason; and then by various means the Lord withdraws him, and thus, so far as he can be withdrawn in freedom, he is withdrawn."
>
> "The understanding * * * adapts itself to the measure of freedom of uttering the thoughts."

Should any Hebrews read this I am sure that Mr. Bigelow would wish to tell them that he does not allow any break in his thought of the Unity of God. By the Lord he understands the One God of the Universe, who taught Moses, who is with us now. His Christian thought is, that in order to fulfill the teachings given to the patriarchs the Lord spoke no longer through an angel, but put on the external of humanity, the body and sense life of man, taken from Mary, in the Holy Land, and used that to bring the divine thought and life nearer to mankind, so near that to all men now a conscious, sensible recognition of the existence and personality of God is possible, and as a consequence religion is no longer national but individual; one does not need to be a Jew to be in touch with the One God; one needs but to desire the wisdom and the character of the Lord, and by prayer His gifts come to us, by personal approach as real as that of a father and his children.

The American Swedenborg Society's library is at 3 West Twenty-ninth Street, New York City. Any one desiring further information will receive every attention. Books may be borrowed or bought, and questions answered.

F. M. B.

New York, May 9.

19. May 22, 1910 - JUBILEE STORY BY MARK TWAIN FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

JUBILEE STORY BY MARK TWAIN FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION
Amusing Account of the Great Procession in Honor of Queen Victoria Printed in a Little Book for His Friends.

A little book of twenty-two pages was privately printed, but never published, in 1897, bearing this title:

QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.
THE GREAT PROCESSION OF JUNE 23, 1897, IN THE QUEEN'S HONOR, REPORTED BOTH IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY, AND AS A SPECTACLE.
BY MARK TWAIN.
PRIVATELY PRINTED
FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION ONLY.

It consists apparently of letters describing the Jubilee procession, and one of them compares the parade of 1897 with that in honor of Henry V after the battle of Agincourt. It is illustrated by pictures, which the author alleges he drew himself. He says:

"If you like to put in the pictures which I made and send to you herewith, very well; I mean the pictures of Henry V, the two French Dukes, his prisoners, and myself. The King and the Duke will be unfamiliar objects to the public, and ought to be valuable. I copied them from the originals in the South Kensington Museum, the only authentic ones in existence.

"I have not finished learning how to draw yet, and cannot do feathers or armor well, so I did not attempt it. Besides, armor makes a portrait look stiff, and for that reason I do not think it is becoming. I like the easy and flexible grace which our modern clothes gives to the figure. And I do not like fierce and aggressive full beards. I like a mild and friendly mustache, so I have shaved these people.

"Those are all the changes I have made; otherwise I have made those men look just as they looked in life, and just as they would look if they were here today, taking a walk. * * * You will find this representation of Henry V accurate and full of feeling, full of sublimity. I have pictured him looking out over the field of Agincourt and studying up where to begin. The President of the Royal Academy is quite frankly excited about this picture, and thinks it is different from anything that even Millais ever painted.

"I have represented the Duke of Bourbon in the act of trying to escape from the Tower of London disguised as a gentleman. I tried to make his handkerchief stick up a little more out of his breast pocket, so as to express horror and surprise, but there was not enough white paint left when I got to that part. But it is no matter, I got at it in another way - by striping his pants I gave them that trembly look and got the same effect.

"The President of the Royal Academy thinks that if I should throw this picture up life size and put it in the National Gallery it would attract attention. But I think he is always trying to flatter me, because I am a poor artist. So I think that the most of it is just his good heart. He is sorry to see me struggling along and earning so little.

"I have represented the Duke of Orleans on the battlefield. He is looking surprised at the way things are going. * * * I got that look of regret which you see in him by putting those shoes on him, which are too small for him. Some think he is my masterpiece, others prefer Henry. The President cannot make up his mind which one he prefers. He thinks that no matter which one he owned, it would not be the one he wanted. He is full of his flatteries. Still, it is only his good heart; of course, I know that.

"I did my own portrait from life. It is a looking glass portrait. It represents me thinking out a great work - a novel, I think, a sort of exalted prose poem. You can see that I have just caught the idea. I am in a kind of trance of sacred emotion. I got that effect by drinking. I had not caught the idea then, and so I had to represent it artificially. You cannot get an effect like that out of milk. I prefer milk, because I am a Prohibitionist, but I do not go to it for inspiration."

Of the procession the author says:
"So far as I can see, a procession has value in but two ways - as a show and as a symbol, its minor function being to delight the eye, its major one to compel thought, exalt the spirit, stir the heart, and inflame the imagination. As a mere show, and meaningless - like a Mardi-Gras march - a magnificent procession is worth a long journey to see; as a symbol, the most colorless and unpicturesque procession, if it have a moving history back of it, is worth a thousand of it.
"After the civil war ten regiments of bronzed New York veterans marched up Broadway in faded uniforms and faded battle flags that were mere shot-riddled rags - and in each battalion as it swung by, one noted a great gap, an eloquent vacancy, where had marched the comrades who had fallen and would march no more.
"Always, as this procession advanced between the massed multitudes, its approach was welcomed by each block of people with a burst of proud and grateful enthusiasm - then the head of it passed, and suddenly revealed those pathetic gaps and silence fell upon that block, for every man in it had choked up, and could not get command of his voice and add it to the storm again for many minutes. That was the most moving and tremendous effect that I have ever witnessed - those affecting silences falling between those hurricanes of worshipping enthusiasm.
"There was no costumery in that procession, no color, no tinsel, no brilliancy, yet it was the greatest spectacle and the most gracious and exalting and beautiful that has come within my experience. It was because it had history back of it and because it was a symbol and stood for something and because one viewed it with spiritual vision, not the physical. There was not much for the physical eye to see, but it revealed continental areas, limitless horizons, to the eye of the imagination and the spirit.
"A procession, to be valuable, must do one thing or the other - clothe itself in splendors and charm the eye or symbolize something sublime and uplifting, and so appeal to the imagination . As a mere spectacle to look at, I suppose that the Queen's procession will not be as showy as the Czar's late pageant; it will probably fall much short of the one in "Tannhauser" in the matter of rich and adorable costumery; in the number of renowned personages on view in it it will probably fall short of some that have been seen in England before this. And yet in its major function, its symbolic function, I think that if all the people in it wore their everyday clothes and marched without flags or music it would still be incomparably the most important procession that ever moved through the streets of London.
"For it will stand for English history, English growth, English achievement, the accumulated power and renown and dignity of twenty centuries of strenuous effort. Many things about it will set one to reflecting upon what a large feature of this world England is today, and this will in turn move one, even the least imaginative, to cast a glance down her long perspective and note the steps of her progress and insignificance of her first estate."
Which he thereupon proceeds to do. "I suppose that London has always existed. One cannot easily imagine an England that had no London. No doubt there was a village here 5,000 years ago.
"It was on the river somewhere west of where the Tower is now; it was built of thatched mud huts close to a couple of limpid brooks, and on every hand for miles and miles stretched rolling plains of fresh green grass, and here and there were groups and groves of trees. The tribes wore skins - sometimes merely their own sometimes those of other animals.
"The chief was monarch, and helped out his complexion with blue paint. His industry was the chase; his relaxation was war. Some of the Englishmen who will view the procession today are carrying his ancient blood in their veins. It may be that the village remained about as it began, away down to the Roman occupation, a couple of thousand years ago."
The procession of 1416, in honor of Agincourt, is compared with that of 1897. At Agincourt, which he calls "then and still the most colossal in England's history" 8,000 of the French nobility were slain and the remainder, 1,500 in number, taken prisoners.

has ever seen. God rest their souls in the place appointed for all such!"
The report from heaven stops abruptly. Mark Twain explains the reason:
"That was as much of it as the spirit correspondent could let me have; he was obliged to stop there because he had an engagement to sing in the choir, and was already late."
Next he moralizes about the progress of the world:
"British history is 2,000 years old, and yet in a good many ways the world has moved further ahead since the Queen was born than it moved in all the rest of the 2,000 put together. * * * Since the Queen first saw the light she has seen invented and brought into use (with the exception of the cotton gin, the spinning frames, and the steamboat) every one of the myriad of strictly modern inventions which, by their united powers, have created the bulk of the modern civilization and made life under it easy and difficult, convenient and awkward, happy and horrible, soothing and irritating, grand and trivial, an indispensable blessing and an unimaginable curse; she has seen all these miracles, these wonders, these marvels piled up in her time, and yet she is but 78 years old. That is to say, she has seen more things invented than any other monarch that ever lived, and more than the oldest old-time English commoner that ever lived, including Old Parr, and more than Methusaleh himself - five times over."
He enumerates many of them. That was also done at the time by several hundred other persons, but some of Mark Twain's enumerations are characteristically phrased, such as:
"She has seen the public educator - the newspaper - created, and its teachings placed within the reach of the leanest purse. There was nothing properly describable as a newspaper until long after she was born.
"She has seen the world's literature set free, through the institution of international copyright.
"She has seen America invent arbitration, the eventual substitute for that enslaver of nations, the standing army, and she has seen England pay the first bill under it, and America shirk the second - but only temporarily; of this we may be sure.
"She has seen a Hartford American (Dr. Wells) apply anaesthetics in surgery for the first time in history, and for all time banish the terrors of the surgeon's knife, and she has seen the rest of the world ignore the discoverer and a Boston doctor steal the credit of his work."
All this was written before he saw the procession. When he saw it he wrote:
"I was not dreaming of so stunning a show. All the nations seemed to be filing by. They all seemed to be represented. It was a sort of allegorical suggestion of the Last Day, and some who live to see that day will probably recall this one if they are not too much disturbed in mind at the time."
He gives a description of the appearance presented by the various Oriental races, including this about those from India:
"Then there was an exhaustive exhibition of the hundred separate brown races of India, the most beautiful and satisfying of all the complexions that have been vouchsafed to man, and the one which best sets off colored clothes and best harmonizes with all tints."
When Prince Rupert of Bavaria rode by it excited Mark Twain to comment on the fact that the English Legitimists are still "paying unavailing homage" to Rupert's mother, Princess Ludwig, as the rightful Queen of England:
"The house of Stuart was formally and officially shelved nearly two centuries ago, but the microbe of Jacobite loyalty is a thing which is not exterminable by time, force, or argument."

In his conclusion he says:
"It is over now; the British Empire has marched past under review and inspection. The procession stood for sixty years of progress and accumulation, moral, material, and political. It was made up rather of the beneficiaries of these prosperities than of the creators of them. * * *
"It was a memorable display and must live in history. It suggested the material glories of the reign finely and adequately. The absence

of the chief creators of these was perhaps not a serious disadvantage. One could supply the vacancies by imagination, and thus fill out the procession every effectively. One can enjoy a rainbow without necessarily forgetting the forces that made it."

20. July 2, 1910 - HONESTY OF MEN AND WOMEN

HONESTY OF MEN AND WOMEN.

Mark Twain was honored by multitudes for his qualities as a man, and for nothing more than for his chivalric, almost Quixotic, honesty. But this he disclaims for himself in an anecdote printed in The Forum. In his own words:

> A man can be easily persuaded to step outside the strict moral line, but it is not so with a woman. It was my wife who said: "No. You shall pay 100 cents on the dollar, and I am with you all the time." She kept her word, and it is rather more due to her than to myself.

Accordingly, instead of paying 30 cents on the dollar and getting a legal quittance, he paid 100 cents and died an honest man.

But was it really necessary for him to be so very honest as to take away his own character and give it to his wife? And he phrased it so that he seems to have ranked masculine honesty below feminine. How about that very important matter? Is everybody agreed that women are more honest than men? How many women would have done what Mark Twain did, without or with the inspiration of their husbands? Or, having done so, how many would have uttered words like Mark's in his posthumous tribute to petticoat morals? To put matters concretely, let us suppose that a lady telephones to her grocer to send her a bottle of pyro, and that he sends "Old Crow" and charges for pyro. Would the ladies all pay the higher price? Or would they say that the grocer had made enough out of them in various grocer's ways, and that the little windfall would be accepted? Are men or women honester about paying their car fares when the conductor does not make a personal demand? What is the proportion of male and female shoplifters? These exciting questions are doubtless better suited to cooler weather, but Mark Twain is posthumously responsible for throwing this apple of discord in this current week.

21. July 7, 1910 - MANLY AND WIFELY HONESTY [Letter to Editor]

Manly and Wifely Honesty.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

Your editorial article entitled "Honesty of Men and Women" raises an interesting question, but it seems to mo that of far greater interest would be honesty "per se," regardless of sex. Mark Twain's honesty when he paid 100 cents on the dollar while 80 cents would have cleared him from bankruptcy won for him warm admirers everywhere. It was a simple, right, manly thing to do—just simply to see and so to act that no one of his creditors suffered. Whether his action was dictated by the beautifully fine moral sense of his wife or by his own essentially sterling honesty of character, or by that gradual welding of sympathy between man and of Mark Twain's "duty to his neighbor," then Mark Twain was again a gentleman in chivalrously admitting the fact.

ARTHUR E. FRISWELL.

Akron, Ohio, July 4, 1910.

22. July 10, 1910 - TWAIN BOOKS FOR LIBRARY

TWAIN BOOKS FOR LIBRARY.

Humorist's Daughter Announces She Will Give 2,500 to Redding Institution.

REDDING, Conn., July 9.—Mrs. Clara Clemens-Gabrilowitsch, daughter of the late Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) has formally notified the Directors of the Mark Twain Free Library here that she will present to that institution practically the entire library of her father, now in the Redding residence, Stormfield.

The gift includes nearly 2,500 volumes. Mr. Clemens drew a check for $6,000 in favor of the Redding library a few days before his death, and the money will be used to erect a building for the institution.

23. July 30, 1910 - TWAIN STATUE FOR HEIDELBERG

Twain Statue for Heidelberg.

HEIDELBERG, July 29.—The American colony here has decided to erect a statue of Mark Twain in Heidelberg, where he conceived the idea of writing "A Tramp Abroad." The necessary funds for the statue have already been subscribed.

24. August 6, 1910 - MARK TWAIN, ORATOR

MARK TWAIN, ORATOR

ONE of the questions suggested to the reader by "Mark Twain's Speeches" (Harpers)—one of many, it is true—is: Was he a spontaneous speaker? Henry Watterson, who was an intimate friend, as well as a relative, says that he could be spontaneous on occasion, and intimates that he generally was, and was at his best when he was. W. D. Howells, on the contrary, who also was an intimate friend for many years, frankly suggests that when Twain trusted "to the spontaneity in which other speakers confide, or are believed to confide, when they are on their feet," the result was "near-failures." And Howells gives an emphatic and eloquent account of the humorist's habitual method:

> He studied every word and syllable, and memorized them by a system of mnemonics peculiar to himself, consisting of an arbitrary arrangement of things on a table—knives, forks, salt-cellars; inkstands, pens, boxes, or whatever was at hand—which stood for points, and clauses and climaxes, and were at once indelible diction and constant suggestion. He studied every tone and every gesture, and he forecast the result with the real audience from its result with that imagined audience. Therefore it was beautiful to see him and to hear him; he rejoiced in the pleasure he gave and the blows of surprise that he dealt; and because he had his end in mind, he knew when to stop.

The internal evidence is pretty strongly in favor of Mr. Howells's view. There are more than a hundred speeches, or parts of speeches, in this volume; the great body of them are "funny", and of these by far the greater part give the impression of deliberate preparation. The "blows of surprise" are carefully aimed and as carefully delivered. To the reader the impression thus made is not wholly pleasant. There seems to be vital incongruity in a pre-digested and accurately compounded joke and still more in a series of jokes leading up to a climax. When the thing is heard and the speaker is seen it may come off supremely well. It certainly did in every case recalled by the present writer. The commanding personality, the persuasion of those keen eyes, the continuing charm of that drawling voice, the happy turning to one or another of the notable men sure to be present—all this absorbed the attention and quite put to sleep any critical faculty the hearer might otherwise have been minded to apply. Even so, the best of Mark Twain's amusing speeches were tame compared to the best of his amusing talks. In the latter there was spontaneity, so to speak, "to burn." His drollery gushed forth at the lightest tap of current suggestion, and the range, the variety, was as wonderful as the flow. Nor was it essentially reminiscential, as the talk of very witty men often is. There was plenty of anecdote, but there was abundance also of flashing comment and of repartee.

Possibly it is the recollection of such talk that makes the collected speeches seem a little unfair to the author of them, causes them to fall short of the unique and telling effect of which he was known to be capable. We may practically avoid this unfairness by following the advice of Mr. Clemens as to the volume and only "seasoning our graver reading with it now and then when the mind demands such relaxation." With that precaution any other is hardly necessary. As a book "to take up" lightly in a leisure moment—not hour—and as lightly to drop, the volume is admirable. It is so full of fun. Most often it is fun directed against some one—not seldom himself—and has the flavor of what is known as a practical joke, but the joke is as genial and without venom when some one else is the target as when it is aimed at himself. It is the ludicrous, not the ridiculous, that he depicts, nine times in ten. He laughs, and makes others laugh, with the victim of the moment, not at him, so that in a certain circle it was rather a privilege, a kind of honor, to be selected by him as the protagonist of one of his sparkling attacks. Now that he is dead and we shall never again hear that strange, penetrating, sympathetic voice or catch the confident gleams from beneath his bushy

dent gleams from beneath his bushy eyebrows, or share in the wild mirth he kindled in such varying company, it is good to have this record. To many it will be precious; to none, coming upon it anew, or coming back to it, will it bring pain. As Mr. Howells says: "It is good matter, glad, honest, kind, just."

25. August 20, 1910 - DAUGHTER BORN TO MRS. GABRILOWITSCH

Daughter Born to Mrs. Gabrilowitsch.

REDDING, Conn., Aug. 19.—A daughter was born to-day to Mr. and Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch at Stormfield, the home of the late Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain.) Mrs. Gabrilowitsch was before her marriage to Mr. Gabrilowitsch Miss Clara Clemens, eldest daughter of Mark Twain.

26. August 21, 1910 - MARK TWAIN'S AUTOGRAPH

MARK TWAIN'S AUTOGRAPH.
Swiss Peasant Declines to Part with an Enigmatical Phrase.

BERLIN, Aug. 20, (by telegraph to Clifden, Ireland; thence by wireless.) - "An enigmatical autograph by Mark Twain has remained undiscovered in an little Swiss hamlet for the last thirteen years," says Ernest Karedel of Pittsburg, who has arrived from Switzerland and is at the Hotel Adlon. In 1897 Mark Twain was a visitor at the cottage of an honest Swiss peasant, Alois Dahinden, in Buhlegg, near Lucern. In order to avoid publicity and the hue and cry of enterprising journalists the distinguished author resolutely refused to inscribe his name in the village register.

By Marconi Transatlantic Wireless Telegraph to The New York Times.

The villagers, who at first regarded Mr. Clemens with suspicion, gradually became reconciled. They insisted on his leaving a memento behind. With characteristic modesty he hesitated, and then reluctantly turning over the empty pages until the last one in the book, wrote: "Please do not forget this important truth: Habit is habit and is not to be flung out of the window by any man, but coaxed down the stairs."
At the time, September, 1897, the particular connection of the sentence with anything that took place in Mr. Clemens's sojourn still puzzles Dahinden who has refused all offers to part with the treasure.

27. October 8, 1910 - MR. HOWELLS'S MARK TWAIN

MR. HOWELLS'S MARK TWAIN

A Book That Throws Interesting Side-Lights on a Many-Yeared and Memorable Friendship

By H. W. BOYNTON

HALF of this book is made up of an estimate of Mark Twain based upon Mr. Howells's personal acquaintance with him—an acquaintance of forty-odd years, and an intimacy almost as long. The other half, or nearly that, is filled with a collection of reviews and criticisms by Mr. Howells ranging from the publication of "The Innocents Abroad" to "Joan of Arc"—and after. Mr. Howells possesses another body of material in connection with Clemens which he does not choose to make use of here, even by way of the most meagre quotation. This is a long series of letters to himself amounting, as he reckons, to some fifteen hundred pages in all. "They will no doubt some day be published," he says. We suspect that he himself lacks the courage to deal with these memorials of friendship as literary material.

The present book we should have liked as well if the little memoir had been allowed to stand by itself. The republished reviews have a different sort of interest. They have undergone no revision or change, and, as here printed in the order of their original publication, make up a commentary upon their author as well as upon his theme. As Mr. Howells notes, "they begin rather stiffly, pedantically, and patronizingly, but they grow suppler, wiser, and more diffident as they go on." This is the normal evolution of

on." This is the normal evolution of
manner for the professional critic who begins young; but these criticisms register a change in more than manner. The writer's attitude toward Mark Twain gradually changes from one of good-humored recognition of an entertaining humorist to one of strong admiration for a force in modern letters. "The Innocents Abroad" is, according to the first of the reviews, "Mr. Clemens's very amusing book"; its author is "worthy of the company of the best" humorists that have come out of California. "Tom Sawyer" (six years later) is "a book full of entertaining character and the greatest artistic sincerity." In 1882 Mark Twain not only "transcends all other American humorists in the universal qualities," but is "an artist of uncommon power." Some twenty years later Mr. Howells declares him "not only the greatest living humorist, but incomparably the greatest, and without a rival since Cervantes and Shakespeare, unless it be that eternal Jew, Heinrich Heine, who of all the humorists is the least like him." And now, after almost another decade, he perceives that the man Clemens possessed "the depths of a nature whose tragical seriousness broke in the

laughter which the unwise took for the whole of him. Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes—I knew them all and all the rest of our sages, poets, seers, critics, humorists; they were like one another, and like other literary men; but Clemens was sole, incomparable, the Lincoln of our literature."

So, with this large tribute, closes Mr. Howells's hundred pages of personal reminiscence and estimate. During the last ten years of his life Mark Twain received a continually wider acknowledgment of the dignity of his work. The funny man of the seventies and eighties, held in delight by the man in the street, but regarded at best with amused indulgence by the authorities, has become a great public figure. The honors conferred upon him by that most conservative of bodies, the University of Oxford, merely stood for a general tribute. Authorities have not been lacking to proclaim him not only the greatest of American humorists, but the greatest of American authors in any kind. This is going too far. The pendulum, it seems, is bound to swing back, and find its steady and permanent beat.

But Mark Twain's interest as a human figure does not depend upon the literary rank we may be disposed to yield him. Mr. Howells's reminiscences do much toward setting that figure before us in the flesh. His appalling frankness, his profanity, his "Elizabethan breadth of parlance," his extraordinary physique, made more striking by "a keen feeling for costume which the severity of our modern tailoring forbids men"—all these traits are set forth vividly. And the writer's tributes of personal affection, his account of their early alliance, and of the meetings in later years between the two old and aging friends, have the value of an intimate and perfectly

28. October 27, 1910 - MARK TWAIN LEFT DAUGHTER $611,136

Paragraph containing illegible text of dollar amounts on various corporate shares has been omitted]

29. October 28, 1910 - [Editorial] MARK TWAIN'S FORTUNE

MARK TWAIN LEFT DAUGHTER $611,136

Fifty Shares of the Mark Twain Co., Which Owns All His Copyrights, Valued at $200,000.

REAL ESTATE WORTH $70,000

His Library Set Down at $2,000—Author Made All His Fortune After His Reverses of Fifteen Years Ago.

Special to The New York Times.

REDDING, Conn. Oct. 26.—The inventory of Mark Twain's estate, returned by the appraisers, Albert Bigelow Paine and Harry A. Lounsberry, to the Probate Court for the District of Redding, gives a total of $611,136, of which $70,000 represents the value of his home "Stormfield" and the cottage known as the "Lobster Pot," while $541,136 is personal property. The sole heir is his only surviving child, Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the wife of the Russian pianist.

The copyright values of his writings are grouped in the inventory in the assets of the Mark Twain Company, incorporated a few years before his death, to which all the copyrights were assigned. His fifty shares in the stock of that company are listed in the inventory at $200,000. As an item of the personal estate. the appraisers

item of the personal estate. the appraisers
also note a trunk and its contents, which he had placed with the Lincoln Trust Company of New York. In the trunk are certain of his manuscripts, but no value was placed on them, for the originals are at Stormfield.

The inventory tells the story of certain unfortunate investments, which the author made, notably his venture in the securities of the Plasmon Milk Product Company. The total value of his 375 shares in this company is placed at $100. His 5,000 shares in the Plasmon Syndicate, Limited, is set down at $1,000. His 400 shares of the Plasmon Company of America are set down as valueless, and nearly a thousand shares of various corporations are marked as worthless.

The furniture and furnishings of Stormfield are valued at $10,145, of which $1,000 represents the silverware, and $2,000 the books in the library. The estate of his daughter, Jean Clemens, who died less than a year ago, descended wholly to her father. Its total was $7,000, which will be delivered to the executors of Mark Twain's will after its settlement.

Twain's will after its settlement.

Besides the appraisers, the inventory is signed by the executors of the estate, Edward E. Loomis, Soheth S. Freeman, and Jarvis Langdon. An extension of the usual sixty days for submitting the inventory was obtained, and it was not returned until six months had passed.

At the time of Mark Twain's death in April, it was predicted that his estate would be a large one, and the fact that the figures run above $600,000, is peculiarly interesting, when it is remembered that he started as a printer's apprentice at the age of 12, and that as he was approaching his sixtieth year, his entire fortune was swept away with the failure of the C. L. Webster Company, the luckless venture in which he embarked with his nephew in the hope of keeping to himself the publisher's profit on his large sales.

His courage was undaunted by this reversal, and he took to the lecture platform, paying his debts as Sir Walter Scott had done, and building up another fortune before his death some fifteen years later.

His intimacy with H. H. Rogers, the financier, it has often been thought, assisted Mark Twain through the period of the reconstruction of his fortunes, and he had undoubtedly the advantage of exceptional advice in the matter of investments. He never again attempted publishing on his own account, although the recollection of his earlier success with the Webster Company must have been tempting, for it was during the period some years prior to its failure that such books were produced as "Huckleberry Finn," "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court," "The American Claimant," "Pudd'nhead Wilson," and "Tom Sawyer Abroad."

Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch sailed for Europe on Saturday, leaving instructions that Stormfield and the real estate be sold.

MARK TWAIN'S FORTUNE.

The greatest American humorist left a large fortune for a man of letters to accumulate. In his middle life, even on the threshold of old age, he was practically bankrupt. He died leaving nearly $550,000 in personal property, and $70,000 worth of real estate. Wise management of his affairs, under good advice, made him a comparatively rich man, rich enough, some folks will say, for any man to be, and much better off than most of his contemporaries in American literary life, perhaps than any of them. His royalties, in his later years, were large, to be sure, but the sagacity with which his surplus money was invested indicates the value of a sound financial adviser to a literary man.

It is said that the Utah mining shares estimated by his executors to be worth nearly $81,000 were purchased for about $10 a share. His Union Pacific shares were probably bought at a much lower price than the prevailing quotation. On the other hand, 60 shares in the Roodeport Central Deeps, scheduled in the inventory at $150, and certain shares in a land company, valued at $500, may be taken to indicate the humorist's own tendency to make investments with no other guide but his own imagination.

The inventory suggests that Mark Twain was very well paid for his work. If he had sought good counsel in his investments early in life, and had kept out of purely commercial ventures, for the conduct of which he lacked both training and temperament, his fortune might have been twice as large as it was, and he had lived well for many years. Therefore, the question "Does literature pay?" is answered affirmatively in this case. Literature pays when the writer has the genius, the comprehension of his era, the power to charm, amuse and uplift which SAMUEL L. CLEMENS possessed.

30. November 14, 1910 - MEMORIAL TO MARK TWAIN

MEMORIAL TO MARK TWAIN.

Distinguished Men to Pay Tribute to Him at Carnegie Hall.

Distinguished men will speak at the memorial ceremony in honor of Mark Twain at Carnegie Hall on Wednesday, Nov. 30. The speakers will pay their tributes to him as a real friend of mankind. They will be intimate associates of the late humorist and philosopher. There will be no invocation.

William Dean Howells, who was perhaps Mark Twain's closest friend, will say a few words of introduction and introduce each speaker. Joseph H. Choate will recall experiences he shared with Mark Twain. The Rev. Joseph Hopkins Twichell, long pastor of the church at Hartford, Conn., which the Clemens family attended, will present a side of the humorist not well known to the public.

Champ Clark will speak as a Representative of Missouri, Mark Twain's native State, and as one of his intimate friends. Speaker Cannon, also a close friend of the author for many years, will tell of the things the humorist did and said during their long struggle for an equitable copyright law. Col. Henry Watterson will recount anecdotes illustrating the life and character of the great humorist, and the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke will read a poem in his honor.

The Executive Committee in charge of the arrangements for the ceremony are Mr. Howells, William Milligan Sloane, and Robert Underwood Johnson. The other men who constitute the Mark Twain Memorial Committee are:

Edwin Austin Abbey, Henry Mills Alden, John White Alexander, John Bigelow, Arthur Twining Hadley, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Thomas Hastings, Henry James, Henry Cabot Lodge, Hamilton Wright Mabie, Alfred Thayer Mahan, Brander Matthews, Bliss Perry, James Ford Rhodes, Henry Van Dyke, and Woodrow Wilson.

Applications for seats or boxes should be sent to Robert Underwood Johnson, 33 East Seventeenth Street, Secretary of the Executive Committee.

31. November 23, 1910 - TRIBUTE TO MARK TWAIN

TRIBUTE TO MARK TWAIN.

William Dean Howells to Preside at a Memorial Service Here Next Week.

A memorial service for "Mark Twain" will be held on Wednesday, Nov. 30, in Carnegie Hall. William Dean Howells, one of the closest literary associates of Mr. Clemens, will preside, and the speakers will include Joseph H. Choate, the Rev. Joseph Hopkins Twichell, long pastor of the church at Hartford, Conn., attended by the Clemens family; Champ Clark, Speaker Joseph Cannon, Col. Henry Watterson, and the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

Mr. Howells is head of the Executive Committee in charge of the arrangements. He is assisted by William Milligan Sloane and Robert Underwood Johnson. Others in the Memorial Committee are Edwin Austin, Henry Mills Alden, John White Alexander, John Bigelow, Arthur Twining Hadley, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Thomas Hastings, Henry James, Henry Cabot Lodge, Hamilton Wright Mabie, Alfred Thayer Mahan, Brander Matthews, Bliss Perry, James Ford Rhodes, Henry Van Dyke, and Woodrow Wilson.

32. December 1, 1910 - PAY WARM TRIBUTE TO TWAIN'S MEMORY-(This edited article omits a long list of attendees)

PAY WARM TRIBUTE TO TWAIN'S MEMORY

Throng at Carnegie Hall Hears Humorous Stories of the Humorist and Philosopher.

HIS OLD FRIENDS THERE

Choate, Cannon, Howells, Twichell, and Others Give Reminiscences of His Life Here and Abroad.

Nearly 5,000 persons packed Carnegie Hall last night to honor the memory of Mark Twain. While almost every one of prominence in the literary life and activity of the Eastern half of the country was present, there were many others besides, representing business, finance, and all the professions. The gathering was one of the most distinguished brought together here in years.

The Speaker of the House of Representatives, Joseph G. Cannon—"Uncle Joe," as Mark Twain always called him, even to his face—was one of the principal as well as one of the most delightful speakers, his talk overflowing with good stories about his friend. Champ Clark of Missouri, minority leader in the pesent Congress and slated to succeed Mr. Cannon as Speaker in the next, was another to pay Mark Twain tribute.

Others who spoke were his old friend, William Dean Howells, who was chosen to preside; Joseph H. Choate, Henry Watterson, whom Mark Twain, like many others, called "Marse Henry," when he didn't call him "Cousin Henry," as they were connected by marriage; the Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Twichell of Hartford, the humorist's old pastor and intimate friend; George W. Cable and Henry Van Dyke, the latter reading a poem entitled "Mark Twain," written for the occasion.

Not an Occasion for Sadness.

There was a good deal about the ceremonies that was tender, nothing that was sad, but much good humor, many bright sayings, and many good stories.

December 3, 1910 - TRIBUTE TO MARK TWAIN By BRANDER MATTHEWS & SPECIAL OFFER - MARK TWAIN (an edited advertisement)

33.

bright sayings, and many good stories. Not a few of these were Mark Twain's own. Many of those who knew the humorist best felt that it was just the sort of meeting he would have sanctioned if his consent to such a gathering could have been obtained. Mr. Howells said in the beginning it would never do to make a solemn thing of the memorial.

"If the mood and make of our commemoration could be left to Mark Twain," said he, "we might imagine him saying:

"'Why, of course you mustn't make a solemnity of it; you mustn't have it that sort of obsequy. I should want you to be serious about me—that is, sincere; and you couldn't be sincere if you ran to eulogy. But we don't object here to any man's affection; we like to be liked as well as ever, and if any of you can remember some creditable thing about me I shouldn't mind his telling it, provided always he didn't blink the palliating circumstances, the mitigating motives, the selfish considerations, that accompany every noble action.

"'I shouldn't like to be made out a miracle of humor either, and left a stumbling block for any one who was intending to be moderately amusing and instructive hereafter. At the same time I don't suppose a commemoration is exactly the occasion for dwelling on a man's shortcomings in his life of his literature or for realizing that he has entered upon an immortality of oblivion.'"

Mr. Choate's Speech.

Mr. Choate also said it wouldn't do to make the meeting one of mourning. He said all the world had come to recognize Mark Twain in lifetime as the foremost American man of letters, and the greatest humorist of the world. His Huckleberry Finn, Col. Sellers, and Tom Sawyer, Mr. Choate said, were as well known as any historical characters in American annals. His books were first read for their humor, for their freshness from the soil, Mr. Choate declared, and luckily Mark Twain's sentences didn't have to be read and re-read to get their meaning, which ever finally had to be guessed at. This was one reason, Mr. Choate thought, why the middle classes of England associated his works with Robinson Crusoe.

He and the humorist were at the German Summer resort on one occasion, and Emperor William was there also. The Kaiser sent one of the officers of his retinue to Mark Twain asking him to come to see him. He went immediately, of course.

When he entered the room where the German Emperor was, the Kaiser called out to the Empress, who was in an adjoining room, saying:

"Come here! here's Mark Twain; here's Mark Twain!"

At another time Dr. Twichell and Mark Twain were in another part of Europe, and the Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward VII., was at the same place. The Prince sent for Mark Twain, and Dr. Twichell said the two were chatting in a minute as if they had known each other for years.

When they had talked for about an hour, Dr. Twichell said, they marched off together, heading the Prince's following of about a dozen officers and attendants. It was such a picture as one is rarely permitted to see, he said. The Prince was erect and soldierly in bearing.

Prince was erect and soldierly in bearing. By his side was the familiar, loose-jointed figure of Mark Twain, getting over ground with his usual shambling gait. In his right hand he grasped an umbrella by the middle, and this he was waving almost frantically sometimes in gesticulation.

According to Dr. Twichell, Mark Twain said of this occasion that he had found the Prince "quite quick-witted." The speaker said Mark Twain was a fine story teller in his own home, enveloping his yarns with a richness not be found in his written stories.

Speaker Cannon was evidently the favorite with the audience. There was long applause when he came forward, presented by Mr. Howells as another man besides Mark Twain who loved his cigar. The Speaker said that many years before any one else present was born he used to hear the Mississippi pilots sing out, "Mark Twain, Mark Twain," meaning a depth of two fathoms of water, but he didn't think then that a man would spring up who would make those words famous throughout the world.

He Feared "Pirates."

Mr. Cannon told how Mark Twain had come to Washington to "lobby"; "yes, to lobby," repeated Speaker Cannon, in the interest of an amendment to the copyright law. The humorist frankly said he wanted to protect his and his children's rights against "pirates."

Mr. Cannon said Mark Twain had a burning desire to appear on the floor of the House of Representatives and argue his cause. The humorist came to see him about it and the Speaker told him it could not be done, as such a thing had never been done. He told him that none but members and ex-members had the privilege of the floor of the House. The only precedents in the cases of others were where persons had received the thanks of Congress. Soon after this Mark Twain himself brought to his desk a letter addressed to the Speaker. Here is the letter:

Dec. 7.

Dear Uncle Joseph: Please get me the thanks of Congress; not next week, but right away. It is very necessary. Do accomplish this at once, by persuasion, if you can, by violence if you must, for it is absolutely necessary that I get on the floor for two or three hours and talk to the Congressmen man by man. I have arguments with me; also a barrel with liquid in it. I have stayed away from Congress and let it alone for seventy-one years and I am entitled to its thanks. Congress knows this well and it never has publicly acknowledged its appreciation. Send me a reply at once with an order on the Sergeant-at-Arms. With love and benediction,

MARK TWAIN.

In his address Mr. Watterson paid a notable tribute to the humorist's life.

"His marriage," said Mr. Watterson, "was the most brilliant success of his life. He got the woman of all the world he most needed; a truly lovely and wise helpmate, who kept him in bounds and headed him straight and right while she lived, the best of housewives and mothers, and the safest of counselors and soundest of critics. She knew his worth; she understood his genius; she clearly saw his limitations and angles. Her death was a grievous disaster as well as a staggering blow. He never quite survived it."

The closing feature of the meeting was Dr. van Dyke's poem, read by himself. Here it is:

We knew you well, dear Yorick of the West,
The very soul of large and friendly jest,
That loved and mocked the broad grotesque of things
In this New World where all the folk are kings.

Your breezy humor cleared the air with sport
Of shams that haunt the democratic court—
For even where the sovereign people rule,
A human monarch needs a royal fool.

Your native drawl lent flavor to your wit;
Your arrows lingered but they always hit;
Homeric mirth around the circle ran,
But left no wound upon the heart of man.

We knew you kind in trouble, brake in pain,
We saw your honor kept without a stain;
We read this lesson of our Yorick's years—
True wisdom comes with laughter and with tears.

None of His Relatives There.

No close relative of Mark Twain's was present. His daughter, Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitch, is in Europe. Among those on the platform besides the speakers were Cass Gilbert, Lawrence Gilman, Daniel C. French, Dr. H. Holbrook Curtis, Edwin Howland Blashfield, and John Burroughs.

TRIBUTE TO MARK TWAIN

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

IT WOULD be hard to find in any language better specimens of pure narrative, better examples of the power of telling a story and of calling up action so that the reader cannot help but see it, than Mark Twain's account of the Shepherdson-Grangerford feud, and his description of the shooting of Boggs by Sherburn and of the foiled attempt to lynch Sherburn afterward.

These scenes, fine as they are, vivid, powerful, and most artistic in their restraint, can be matched in the two other books. In "Tom Sawyer" they can be paralleled by the chapter in which the boy and the girl are lost in the cave, and Tom, seeing a gleam of light in the distance, discovers that it is a candle carried by the Indian Joe, the one enemy he has in the world. In "Pudd'nhead Wilson" the great passages of "Huckleberry Finn" are rivaled by that most pathetic account of the weak son willing to sell his own mother as a slave "down the river." I have no hesitation in expressing here my own conviction that the man who has given us four scenes like these is to be compared with the masters of literature.

Mark Twain's Style.

Consider the tale of the bluejay in "A Tramp Abroad," wherein the humor is sustained by unstated pathos; what could be better told than this, with every word the right word and in the right place? And take Huck Finn's description of the storm when he was alone on the island, which is in dialect, which will not parse, which bristles with double negatives, but which none the less is one of the finest passages of descriptive prose in all American literature.

Mark Twain, American.

In Mark Twain we have "the national spirit as seen with our own eyes," declared Mr. Howells; and, from more points of view than one, Mark Twain seems to me to be the very embodiment of Americanism. Combining a mastery of the commonplace with an imaginative faculty, he is a practical idealist. No respecter of persons, he has a tender regard for his fellow-men. Irreverent toward all outworn superstitions, he has ever revealed the deepest respect for

has ever revealed the deepest respect for
all things truly worthy of reverence. He has a habit of standing upright, of thinking for himself, and of hitting hard at whatsoever seems to him hateful and mean; but at the core of him there is genuine gentleness and honest sympathy, brave humanity, and sweet kindliness.

Mark Twain has the very marrow of Americanism.

Mark Twain, Humanist

Like Molière, Mark Twain takes his stand on commonsense and thinks scorn of affectation of every sort. He understands sinners and strugglers and weaklings, and he is not harsh with them, reserving his scorching hatred for hypocrites and pretenders and frauds.

Mark Twain, Humorist

After all, it is as a humorist pure and simple that Mark Twain is best known and best beloved. He is a funmaker beyond all question, and he has made millions laugh as no other man of our century has done. The laughter he has aroused is wholesome and self-respecting; it clears the atmosphere.

"Huckleberry Finn"

"He followed 'Life on the Mississippi' with the story in which that life has been crystallized forever, 'Huckleberry Finn,' the Odyssey of the Mississippi, the finest of his books, the deepest in its insight, and the widest in its appeal."

"Tom Sawyer"

"In no book in our language, to my mind, has the boy, simply as a boy, been better realized than in 'Tom Sawyer.'"

"Pudd'nhead Wilson"

"In some respects 'Pudd'nhead Wilson' is the most dramatic of Mark Twain's longer stories, and also the most ingenious; like 'Tom Sawyer' and 'Huckleberry Finn,' it has the full flavor of the Mississippi River, on which its author spent his own boyhood, and from contact with the soil of which he always rises reinvigorated.

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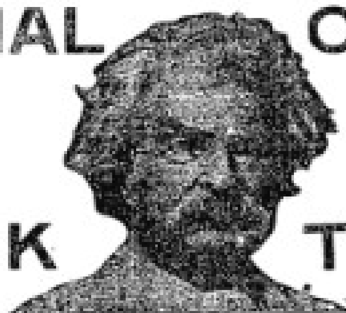

MARK TWAIN

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34. December 4, 1910 - MARK TWAIN'S RELATIVES [Letter to the Editor]

Mark Twain's Relatives.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

THE TIMES of Thursday morning in its report of the Mark Twain memorial meeting at Carnegie Hall says: "No near relative of Mark Twain was present. His daughter, Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitch, is in Europe." Besides his daughter, Mark Twain had no near relatives living, at least in this vicinity, although some members of his sister's family may be living at Fredonia, in this State. His nephew, Samuel E. Moffett of Collier's Weekly, was drowned at Atlantic City two or three years ago, leaving me, a second cousin, his next nearest of kin here, as far as I have been able to discover, and I am pretty sure he never made any efforts himself in that direction. P. S.—I was present at the memorial meeting. W. J. LAMPTON.

New York, Dec. 1, 1910.

35. December 7, 1910 - MARK TWAIN'S FAMILY [Letter to the Editor]

Mark Twain's Family.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

Mr. W. J. Lampton, who claims to be a second cousin of Mark Twain, judging from his letter in to-day's TIMES, seems to be somewhat misinformed in regard to the family. Besides Mark Twain's daughter and granddaughter, now living in Europe, he left a niece, Miss Annie Moffett Webster; a grandniece, Miss Jean Webster (the author); a grandnephew, Mr. Samuel C. Webster, all living in this city, and a grandnephew, Mr. William L. Webster of London, England; also a grandniece and nephew, Miss Anita Moffett and Master Clement Moffett, living at Mount Vernon, N. Y.—children of the late Samuel E. Moffett of Collier's Weekly. Mrs. Webster as a child was brought up in the same house with Samuel Clemens, who, during his Mississippi pilot days, made his home with his married sister, Mrs. Pamelia Moffett, in St. Louis. She is the only member of the family now left who was associated with him in his early days. I do not know, but I should suppose that all five of these nieces and nephews, living in or around New York, were present at the memorial meeting in Carnegie Hall. J. F. BARTON.

New York, Dec. 4, 1910.

36. January 6, 1911 - TO BUY MARK TWAIN'S HOME. [Hannibal, Mo.]

TO BUY MARK TWAIN'S HOME.

Plan Also to Erect Monument on Bluff Near "Tom Sawyer's" Cave.

Special to The New York Times.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Jan. 5.—One, and perhaps two measures will be introduced in the General Assembly early in the session, calculated, if adopted, to commemorate and honor Mark Twain.

Senator Frank McAllister of Monroe will present a measure for purchasing the boyhood home of Samuel L. Clemens, which now stands within the corporate limits of Hannibal. Representative Frank Sosey of Marion has prepared a bill appropriating $10,000 for the erection of a monument to the humorist.

Judge Roy, Secretary of the Hannibal Commercial Club, said that if the Legislature will provide for a monument the citizens of Hannibal will furnish the most conspicuous point in that city as a site.

This will probably be "Lover's Leap," a big bluff overlooking the Mississippi River, which is close to the cave Mr. Clemens made famous in "Tom Sawyer."

37. February 7, 1911 - "THE HEAVENLY TWINS"

"THE HEAVENLY TWINS."
Mark Twain's Copy of Sarah Grand's Work, with Notations, Up for Sale.

Mark Twain's copy of "The Heavenly Twins," by Sarah Grand, with the reading of which he beguiled his time during one of his sea voyages, will be sold at Anderson's on Feb. 17 [sic], and it is of especial interest, as it contains numerous autograph notes scattered throughout the book, giving his opinions of it. The story at first did not please him, and his comments are severely critical, but as he proceeded he found things that met with his approbation.

On Page 74 he writes: "Thus far the twins are valueless lumber, and an impertinent and offensive intrusion." On Page 149 he says: "Blank paper, in the place of these twins, would be a large advantage to the book." On other pages he writes: "These twins are 30 years old" and "Are these tiresome creatures supposed to be funny?" And again, "these disgusting creatures talk like Dr. Johnson and act like idiots. The authoress thinks that this silly performance of theirs is humorous."

"The art of all this," he says on Pages 274 and 275, "is intolerably bad. It is literary 'prentice work. *** This is wretchedly done. A cat could do better literature than that."

Further on he says, "The writer preserves her dignity and her sanity, except when she is talking about her putrid twins. Then she is vulgar and idiotic."

Of Chapter 6 he observes: "A difficult chapter to write well - but she did it." On Page 341 he says: "With the twins left out, this book is more than good; it is great, and packed full of hideous truths, powerfully stated. I will not sit in judgment upon the Englishwoman, who disapproved of this book - she has done that herself. While it is true that the American woman is and always has been a coward and a slave, like her sex, everywhere, she has escaped some of the degradations of her English sister - degradations whose source is rank and caste, the sacredness of property and the tyranny of a heartless, political church. Speaking of the sacredness of property - how England does adore the Almighty Farthing."

On Page 407 he says: "It is very curious. There is nothing but labored and lubberly and unsuccessful attempts at humor concerning the twins up to Chapter 7, Book III., but all this about the boy in this Book IV. is very good fun indeed." His final comment is: "The grammar is often dreadful - even hideous - but never mind that; it is a strong, good book."

38. February 8, 1911 - TWAIN MANUSCRIPTS SOLD

TWAIN MANUSCRIPTS SOLD.

Several Are Withdrawn, One Being His Attack on Theodore Roosevelt.

The sale of the Mark Twain books and manuscripts was begun yesterday at Anderson's auction rooms. The manuscript of the "Article on the inauguration of President Taft and the deliverance of the country from Mr. Roosevelt," two pages, dated March 6, (1908,) containing much abuse of the ex-President, was withdrawn, it being explained that it had been sent to the auction without the knowledge of Mr. Clemens's literary executor, Albert Bigelow Paine. There were also withdrawn, with similar explanation, a copy of George Ticknor's Life, Letters, and Journals, containing a criticism of President Grant and his Cabinet, and a copy of the "Songs of Yale," with a note attacking Joseph Howard, Jr.

Of the items sold, the highest price, $700, was paid for the autograph manuscript of "A Double-Barrelled Detective Story," written on one side of 126 leaves and signed in full at the end. Six other Mark Twain manuscripts sold as follows: "How the Chimney Sweep Got the Ear of the Emperor," 26 leaves, signed in full, $185; "Extracts from Adam's Diary," 26 leaves, at the beginning, in pencil, "Published (don't remember when) S. L. C.," $180; "The Death Disk," 37 leaves, in pencil, unsigned, $107.50; "Outline, or Notes, for a portion of the story of 'Huckleberry Finn,' which relates to the fight in the cave," one page 8vo., written in pencil, $23; "Printing Estimate of the Cost of Certain Newspaper Work," $16, and title page for the cover of appendix to "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," $20.

Mark Twain's copy of "The Heavenly Twins," by Sarah Grand, with penciled autograph notes by him throughout the work, brought $55; "Audubon's Birds of America," 1860, 1870, $85; the choice humorous works of Mark Twain, 12mo, London, 1874, with "Mark Twain" on flyleaf, and numerous notes by him, $40; Adam's Tagebuch, und Andere Geschichten, von Mark Twain, 12mo, Stuttgart, 1901, presentation copy from him to his wife, Nov. 30, 1901, $40; "What Is Man?" only 250 copies privately printed by Mr. Clemens for distribution among his friends, the second copy to be offered at public auction, $55; C. F. Gordon Cumming's "In the Himalayas and on the Indian Plains," with hundreds of marginal notes by Mark Twain, $35; "Our Wild Indians," by Richard Irving Dodge, with numerous marginal notes by Mark Twain, in one of which he compares the Indians' Great Spirit with the Christians' God, $25; S. T. Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," illustrated by Gustave Dore, presentation copy from Mark Twain to his wife, Nov. 27, 1876, $37; J. R. Green's "Short History of the English People," with humorous and critical comments by Mark Twain, $16; presentation copy from Joel Chandler Harris of "Free Joe and Other Georgia Sketches," $10.50; "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard," by Anatole France, translated by Lafcadio Hearn, with Mark Twain comments, $21; Mark Twain's tobacco box, containing about a pound of loose tobacco, $31; David Hume's History of England, with numerous marked paragraphs, from which it would seem that here Mark Twain gathered *some of his facts for* "*The Prince and* the Pauper," $13.50; a copy of the "History and Antiquities of the City of York," (England,) 1785, with many characteristic Twain comments, such as "Edward's son was the first nobleman that was ever beheaded in England—started the fashion," $10; a copy of the first edition of "What I Know About Farming," with the inscription "To Mark Twain, Esq. Ed. Buffalo Express, who knows even less of my farming than does Horace Greeley, N. York," $22; "Triumphant Democracy," with inscription "S. L. Clemens, Esq., with regards of his fellow-Republican, Andrew Carnegie," $11, and "Dollars and Sense, or *How to Get On*," presentation copy "To Samuel L. Clemens, Esq., (Mark Twain,) with kind regards of P. T. Barnum," Bridgeport, Conn., Oct. 16, 1890, $9.50. The total for the day was $2,715.

The sale will be continued to-day.

39. February 9, 1911 - MORE TWAIN BOOKS SOLD

MORE TWAIN BOOKS SOLD.

$7,109 Realized in Two Days at Auction of His Manuscripts and Souvenirs.

The original autograph manuscript of "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg," was knocked down for $900 to A. H. Hahlo at the concluding session by the Anderson Company yesterday of the first part of the sale of Mark Twain's library and manuscripts. It was the highest price of the day. It is written on one side of 146 leaves, is signed, and is dated "Vienna. October, 1898."

The manuscript of "A Horse's Tale," written on 159 leaves, and signed, went to Dodd & Livingston for $600. It contains the following note to the compositors by the author:

> Please faithfully and exactly reproduce the portrait marked "Cathy en Civile." I should like the face preserved as accurately as possible in all pictures of her and I would like to have them submitted to me before they are engraved. It is the daughter, whom we lost by death. S. L. C.

Other Mark Twain manuscripts sold as follows: "Meistershaft, in Three Acts," written on ninety-two leaves, $500, (Hahlo;) "The $30,000 Bequest," written on eighty-one leaves, $400, (Dodd & Livingston;) "My Début as a Literary Person," written on sixty-four leaves, dated at the end "Vienna, October, 1898," and signed "Mark Twain"; his account of his first attempt at writing for a magazine, $350, (Dodd & Lixingston;) "My Boyhood Dreams," written on eighteen leaves, and with signature, "Mark Twain," "Clemens," and "S. L. C." occurring several times, $160, (J. F. Drake;) "Notes for Finishing the Missouri Detective Wheeler Story," fourteen octavo pages, $50, (G. Wels,) and the four concluding leaves of a typewritten manuscript, "The Turning Points of My Life," signed by "Mark Twain," $22.50, (Wels.)

Other interesting items sold as follows: A bronze bullfrog, a memento of Mark Twain's story, "The Jumping Frog," $16; a cream and brown pottery cup, with silver brim, on which is engraved, "E. Wyndham to S. L. Clemens, Oxford, 1876," $25 (the Brooklyn Club); Cotton Mather's "Magnolia Christi Americana," with numerous critical notes by Mark Twain, $37.50 (G. D. Smith); "The Restigouche and Its Salmon Fishing," by Dean Sage, Edinburgh, 1888, of which only 105 copies were printed, $105 (the Union Club); a presentation copy of Samuel F. G. Whitaker's translation of "L'Avocat Patelin, adapted by the Abbe Brueys from the farce of his 15th Century," in which Mark Twain has written, "Interviewer vulgarities—insists upon first person—their phrasing necessarily becoming his, not mine. He puts humor in my mouth—thinks humor necessary, which I don't," $8, and a bronze cat, life size, seated on a pile of books, of carved wood, a bronze mouse peeping from a hole it has made in an antique folio—one of the relics from the home of Mark Twain at Stormfield, $77.50.

The total for the day was $4,304, and the grand total $7,109. Part II. of Mark Twain's library, consisted of autographic letters, will be sold later.

40. February 12, 1911 - SHARP COMMENTS BY TWAIN

SHARP COMMENTS BY TWAIN.

Written on His Copy of Green's History of the English People.

Mark Twain's copy of "A Short History of the English People," by J. R. Green, which sold for $16 at Anderson's the past week, shows that the humorist carefully read the first chapter of the work, as he made notations pointing out grammatical errors, mixed metaphors, and obscure or involved statements. His comments are amusing.

On page 55 Green says: "The great fabric of the Roman law indeed never took root in England," and Twain asks "Does a fabric ever take root?" Further down on the same page Green says: "The King, however, recovered from his wound to march on the West Saxons," and Twain's comment is "Did he recover from his wound merely for the purpose of marching upon the West Saxons?"

On page 56 Green says that the same King "slew and subdued all who had conspired against him," and Twain adds, "He made corpses of the conspirators, and then subdued the corpses." There are many other similar notes throughout this chapter.

In a copy of Samuel Clarke's "Mirror, or Looking Glass, Both for Saints and Sinners," London, 1671, which brought $10, there are various passages marked by Mr. Clemens and notes in his handwriting. On page 82 he applies the epithet "atrocious scoundrel" to St. Saturus, who is reported as saying that he was resolved to forsake his wife, children, home, etc., for the love of Christ. On page 276, where Laelius Socinus is said to have been of the opinion that a person may be saved without knowledge of the Scriptures, Twain's comment is "Sensible again."

On Page 462 Fulgentius is spoken of as powerful in prayer, and thus able to keep his own city in safety, when all the rest of the province was in captivity to the Moors. Twain says: "They ought to have hired him to travel around."

On the same page it is stated that fervent and frequent prayer was instrumental in restoring a prominent man to health. Twain remarks: "It failed in Gen. Garfield's case." In J. T. Bent's "A Freak of Freedom; or, The Republic of San Marino," the author says:

"A small hamlet belonging to the republic has grown up around a well, where the saint used to baptize his converts, springing from underneath a cliff," and Twain queries: "Did the converts spring, or was it the saint?"

41. February 19, 1911 - DEDICATE TWAIN'S LIBRARY

DEDICATE TWAIN'S LIBRARY.

Memorial to His Daughter Jean Formally Opened at Redding, Conn.

REDDING, Conn., Feb. 18.—The Mark Twain Library, built as a memorial to Miss Jean L. Clemens, daughter of the humorist, who was drowned in a bathtub in her father's home, Stormfield, on Dec. 24, 1909, was formally dedicated this afternoon. Addresses were made by the Rev. Joseph H. Twitchell of Hartford and the Rev. Frederick Winslow Adams of Schenectady, N. Y.

The money for the erection of the building was given by Mr. Clemens a few days before his death, to the trustees of the library, which he founded in 1908. The building is of colonial design, one story in height and contains part of the collection of books that formerly constituted the private library of the humorist, and some rare pictures from Stormfield.

42. March 26, 1911 - QUERIES PUT TO AUTHORS

QUERIES PUT TO AUTHORS.

And the Replies of the Authors Form Part of an Unusual Collection.

A notable collection of association copies and first editions formed by the Rev. L. M. Powers of Haverhill, Mass., will be sold at Marwin-Clayton's on April 4. In the case of the Mark Twain and John Burroughs books, the queries put to the authors and their autograph replies are of biographical, as well as bibliographical, interest.

On the fly leaf of a first edition of "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" is Mr. Powers's written query: "Did John Paul discover you, or did you know you were a good thing yourself?" Mark Twain's reply is: "John Paul never discovered anything or anybody. He was not even a very good liar. S. L. C. Mark Twain."

In a copy of "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," Mr. Powers asks: "Did you remember or imagine this perfect picture of a natural boy?" The inscribed answer is: "Partially I was It. S. L. C." The following query is on the fly leaf of the "History of the Big Bonanza," by Dan de Quille, (William Wright:). "Is there any truth in the newspaper story that you planned this book for the author before you knew he had written it?" The answer is: "Yes, it is true. Mark Twain." The question, asked on the back of the frontispiece of "A True Story and the Recent Carnival of Crime," viz.: "This is the hardest of all your books to get. Why's that?" is answered with "Weiss nicht. Mark Twain."

The following inscription by the author is in a copy of "The Prince and the Pauper": "Only he who has seen better days and lives to see better days again knows their full value. Truly yours, Mark Twain, Feb. 10, 1902." Inscribed on the fly leaf of the "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" is the following: "One should not pay a person a compliment and straightway follow it with a criticism. It is better to kiss him now and kick him next week. Truly yours, Mark Twain." Inscribed in a copy of "After Dinner Speeches at the Lotos Club" is the following letter from Mark Twain, Nov. 9, 1905:

"Dear Mr. Powers: I should accept your hospitable offer at once but for the fact that I couldn't do it and remain honest. That is to say, if I allowed you to send me what you believe to be good cigars it would distinctly mean that I meant to smoke them, whereas I should do nothing of the kind.

"I know a good cigar better than you do, for I have had sixty years' experience. No, that is not what I mean; I mean I know a bad cigar better than anybody else: I judge by the price only; if it costs above 5 cents, I know it to be either foreign or half-foreign, and unsmokable.

"By me I have many boxes of Havana cigars, of all prices, from 20 cents apiece up to $1.66 apiece; I bought none of them; they were all presents; they are an accumulation of several years. I have never smoked one of them, and never shall. I work them off on the visitor. You shall have a chance when you come.

"Pessimists are born, not made; optimists are born, not made; but no man is born either pessimist wholly or optimist wholly; he is pessimistic along certain lines and optimistic along certain others. This is my case. Sincerely yours,

"S. L. CLEMENS."

43. June 17, 1911 - MARK TWAIN'S ESTATE TO PAY LESS

Mark Twain's Estate to Pay Less.

An order reducing the assessment on the personal estate of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) in 1905 from $50,000 to $20,000 was signed yesterday by Supreme Court Justice Newburger on the application of the Clemens estate. An affidavit made by the author during his life time was used by the executors of his will in making the application.

44. July 15, 1911 - MARK TWAIN ESTATE ABOUT HALF MILLION

MARK TWAIN ESTATE ABOUT HALF MILLION

Largely in Stocks and Estimated Worth of the Mark Twain Company.

PROPERTY IN TWO STATES

Principally in This City and at His Home in Redding, Conn.—Manuscripts Said to be Without Value.

Deputy State Controller Julius Harburger filed with the Surrogates' Court yesterday the tax appraisal of the estate of Samuel L. Clements, (Mark Twain.) Mr. Clemens died at his home in Connecticut on April 21, 1910. He left in this State and Connectcut an estate aggregating $471,136.

By the terms of the will, which was made on Aug. 7, 1909, the author leaves his entire estate to his sole surviving daughter, Mrs. Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch. The witnesses to the will were Albert Bigelow Paine, Harry A. Lounsbury of Redding, Conn., and Charles T. Lark of 571 West 139th Street, this city. The executors of the will were Zoheth S. Freeman and Edward E. Loomis, both of New York, and Jervis Langdon of Elmira.

Mr. Clemens left no real estate in this State, but his personal property here amounted to $296,746. He held among his personal effects 929 shares of stock of five different companies at diferent times, which turned out to be worthless, as in most cases the companies were out of business.

Included in the estate in Connecticut were 1,750 shares o the Utah Consolidated Mining Company, valued at $80,377; 165 shares of United Fruit Company, valued at $29,370; 400 shares of Anaconda Copper Company, valued at $18,100, and 100 shares of Union Pacific Railroad Company, valued at $18,587.

His property at Redding, Conn., is valued at $70,000. A trunk containing manuscripts was said to be without value. Some of his important holdings in this State were fifty shares of the Mark Twain Company, valued at $200,000 and 100 shares of American Telephone and Telegraph Company, valued at $13,687, and 813 shares of J. Langdon & Co., valued at $21,674.

The author also left books valued at $2,000. An affidavit by Charles Lark, the witness, states that the appraisal value of $200,000 for the shares in the Mark Twain Company was considered too high by Harper & Brothers, who published Mr. Clemens's books, and who placed an upset value of $180,000 on the stock. In commenting upon the appraisal there is also a letter from F. A. Duneka of Harper & Brothers, which says:

"A copyright is a very perishable and usually non-marketable thing, growing of less and less value very rapidly after an author's death.

"While we expect that during the next four years the Mark Twain estate will receive under existing contracts $18,000 a year upon copyright royalty account, yet this amount after the expiration of existing contracts will immediately tend to dwindle and diminish.

"We put an upset valuation of $180,000 upon his copyrights, and even this we regard as excessive."

45. July 19, 1911 - TWAIN'S ESTATE $600,000

TWAIN'S ESTATE $600,000.

Inheritance Tax More Than $5,000—Executors' Fees $18,000.

STAMFORD, Conn., July 18.—By the accounting of the executors of the estate of the late Mark Twain, accepted by the Probate Court to-day, the inheritance tax to be paid the State amounts to $5,167.01.

The executors' fees amount to $18,000. The final value of the estate is estimated at more than $600,000.

46. September 2, 1911 - SAVE MARK TWAIN'S HOME [Hannibal, Mo.]

SAVE MARK TWAIN'S HOME.

Birthplace Presented to City of Hannibal by George Mohan.

Special to The New York Times.

HANNIBAL, Mo., Sept. 1.—The boyhood home of Mark Twain on High Street, built by his father, John M. Clemens in 1839, was to-day purchased by George Mohan and his wife and presented to the City of Hannibal that it may be preserved. The old home is a two-story, five-room frame building in a fairly good state of preservation.

Only a few feet away is the alley where Tom Sawyer had the other fellows paint the fence, and on the other end of which lived Huckleberry Finn.

Mr. Mohan said:

"Mark Twain's life teaches that poverty is rather an incentive than a bar, and that any boy, however humble his birth and surroundings, may by honesty and industry accomplish great things. That is one of the reasons why his modest boyhood home should be preserved for future young Americans."

47. October 1, 1911 - UTAH'S WAR GOVERNOR TALKS OF MANY FAMOUS MEN
(This edited article contains only segments about Mark Twain)

UTAH'S WAR GOVERNOR TALKS OF MANY FAMOUS MEN

Frank Fuller, Still Active and Vigorous, Tells of His Talks with Lincoln---How Brigham Young Yielded a Point of Etiquette---Why Gov. Nye Broke a Promise with Mark Twain

Frank Fuller, war Governor of Utah, physician, lawyer, dentist, author, lecturer, railroad man, reporter, military organizer, and all-around business man, spent his eighty-fourth birthday last Monday in his office in Twenty-third Street as busy and active as most men of 50.

A stream of callers visited his office all day, some to discuss business matters, and others to offer congratulations upon his attainment of another milestone along the journey of life. Between whiles he exercised with a punching bag an chatted reminiscently with a TIMES reporter about the troubles of '61, of the events that led to his appointment as Governor following the disappearance of Gov. Alfred Cumming, of his intimate talks with Abraham Lincoln and Brigham Young, of the opening of the telegraph line to Salt Lake City, and of his close association with Mark Twain.

"I saw my first of Mark Twain in Nevada, in the little capital town under the mountain where Gov. James W. Nye lived. He was employed at something or other around the Governor's premises. On that trip I was admitted to the bar of Nevada, the motion to admit me being made by William M. Stewart, afterward United States Senator.

"Mark Twain at that time was writing more or less for the Territorial Enterprise of Virginia City, owned and edited by James T. Goodman. A year later I visited California and found Mark Twain there, and we became quite intimate. That was in 1863. He was writing chiefly for the Morning Call.

"I was sitting in my private office at 57 Broadway one day when Mark Twain arrived in New York after his successful lectures in San Francisco, Sacramento, Virginia City, and St. Louis. He walked into my office and drawled out:

" 'Frank, I want to preach right here in New York, and it must be in the biggest hall to be found. I find it is the Cooper Union, and that it costs $70 for one evening, and I have got just $7.'

"I told him he should have that big hall, and he 'preached' there to the biggest audience it had ever held. We started right away to interest the public in his lecture on the Sandwich Islands. We put advertisements in the papers calling on all citizens of the Pacific Coast to meet in the evening at the Metropolitan Hotel to take measures for stimulating interest in the lecture and to give him a big send off.

"George Butler, a nephew of Ben Butler of Massachusetts, who held a Consular position in one of the South American countries, presided at the meeting. He made a speech, introduced Mark Twain, who also made a speech, and there was much enthusiasm.

"Mark wanted somebody to go to Washington and get Gov. James W. Nye to promise to come on and sit on the stage, after introducing Mark to the audience. I was selected to go, made the trip to Washington, and was pleasantly received. Gov. Nye instantly consented to introduce Mark, and begged me to sit right down and write a nice promise and he would sign it. This was duly done.

"It was arranged that he should be at the Astor House at 7:30 on the appointed night. I looked in at the old Astor when the night arrived, and found Mark in a perfect fever lest that blank blanked Nye was going to disappoint him. I felt that he would, and instructed Mark to proceed to the hall in a carriage at 7:30. Gov. Nye did not materialize. Mark begged

carriage at 7:30. Gov. Nye did not materialize. Mark begged me to take his place, but I refused positively, and he had to introduce himself.
"Twenty-five years later I met Gov. Nye on a steamboat going to Glen Cove. 'Why did you disappoint us that night?' I asked him. 'I never intended to show up,' he replied. 'He's nothing but a damned Secessionist.'
"I sent invitations and two tickets to the lecture to every banker, teacher, professors in the colleges, and such like, and expected a fine audience.
"Mark was never a very fine dresser, and though his ordinary sack suit was good enough. I told him he must wear evening dress, and he said he never had had a claw-hammer coat in his life. I put Linthicum, a first-class tailor, nearly opposite Stewart's uptown store, on the job, and made him procure a suitable collar and necktie. They he fixed himself in my private office and rehearsed.
"He gave me his description of the volcanic eruption at Hawaii, when the melted lava made the ocean boil for forty miles.
"When Mark rehearsed he railed at the damned tailor who had sewed up the buttonholes so that he couldn't button his coat. I told him it was not customary to button a dress coat. He pointed to my engraving of Daniel Webster and sarcastically wondered who knew best. Webster or a scrub of a tailor. He then wished to know if I knew of any other man who wore evening dress when engaged in his ordinary vocation. I told him I had heard that there was one such in the City of Philadelphia, a popular and able lawyer.
"He then cut the stitches holding his buttonholes, buttoned his coat, and remarked: 'Now there are three of us,' and so garbed, he spoke his piece when the time came.
"Mark walked on the stage that night and peered down as if hunting for a missing penny, and then remarked:
" 'I was looking for Gen. Nye, who had promised to introduce me, but I see nothing of him, and as there are no other Generals in town just now we will have to worry along without him. This programme declares that a grand piano will be on hand, but as I don't see it and see no grand pianist anyway, I reckon it will have to dispensed with.
" 'The Sandwich Islands are situated 2,700 miles southwest of San Francisco, but why they were placed way out there in the middle of the Pacific Ocean does not become us to inquire.
"And so he went on, and the shouts of laughter and the bursts of applause were far beyond anything I have ever witnessed.
"The expense of the lecture was a little over $600; the receipts were not quite $300.
"Some twenty-five years later I asked Mark if he remembered the time when he only had $7, and wanted to 'preach' in Cooper Union.
" 'Seven dollars!' he exclaimed. I had $700 in gold in old man Leland's safe at the hotel.'
" 'You did not tell me that, Mark,' I responded.
" 'Well,' he drawled, 'maybe I didn't bring out the second syllable quite plainly.' "

48. October 8, 1911 - MARK TWAIN WAS MUTE

MARK TWAIN WAS MUTE.

Listened and Never Joked on European Travels, Says Courier.

Special Correspondence THE NEW YORK TIMES.

LONON, Sept. 26.—Joseph Verey, a courier who claims to have accompanied Mark Twain on nine of his European visits, has been publishing some of his recollections of the author of "The Innocents Abroad."

"Mr. Clemens," says Verey, "hardly ever talked to any one. Once I traveled from Cologne to Dresden with him, and he only spoke about two words to me. What I was instructed to do was to engage the other people in the compartment in conversation, and ask them about everything. Mr. Clemens used to sit and listen.

"He must have had a wonderful memory. We used to go to museums for hours. He would not say a word, but he would listen while I asked questions and engaged people in conversation.

"I never heard him make a joke, not even with his own family. He never made one with me. The nearest approach that he got to one was in a letter to me about the uncertainty of his plans. He wrote: 'Ifs are bad prophets.'"

Mark Twain "discovered" Verey in Paris through the hall porter at the Hotel Normandy, who gave such a glowing account of Verey that Mark determined to have him.

"George, I must have this Verey," he said. George could not leave his post to go and find him, so Mark Twain said he would put on George's apron and look after the door.

49. May 8, 1912 - MARK TWAIN MEMORIAL

MARK TWAIN MEMORIAL.

Tablet Designed by New York Woman to be Put In Hannibal Home.

Special to The New York Times.

HANNIBAL, Mo., May 7.—The tablet to be placed in the early home of Mark Twain, which is to be presented to the city on May 15, has been received by George A. Mahan, who will present the home to Hannibal. The tablet bears an inscription telling of its presentation, and below the likeness of the humorist are the words of Mr. Mahan:

"Mark Twain's life teaches that poverty is an incentive rather than a bar, and that any boy, however humble his birth and surroundings, may by honesty and industry accomplish great things."

A fine photograph of Mark Twain, taken during the last year of his life by Albert Bigelow Paine and given by the executors of Twain's estate, will also be placed in the house. The committee is now working on the programme for the presentation ceremonies. Walter Williams will be the principal speaker.

The memorial tablet and bas-relief portrait in bronze were designed and modeled by a New York woman, Miss Angelica Schuyler Church, the daughter of the late Benjamin Silliman Church of New York.

50. May 9, 1912 - AN INSCRIPTION IN NEED OF AMENDMENT

An Inscription in Need of Amendment.

Those of us who think that even gravestones, though of course they cannot be expected to take the witness's oath and tell the whole truth, should refrain from telling untruths, and that memorial inscriptions should be equally veracious, will regret that one MAHAN—doubtless a most well-intentioned person—has been permitted to engrave on the tablet identifying the birthplace of Mark Twain these highly inaccurate statements:

> Mark Twain's life teaches that poverty is an incentive, rather than a bar, and that any boy, however humble his birth and surroundings, may by honesty and industry accomplish great things.

Properly qualified—which would mean elaborately and at length—and with all the terms used in it carefully defined, that statement might pass muster. But as it stands it is both irrelevant and false. It is irrelevant because Mr. CLEMENS never had to endure real poverty—that deprivation of the necessities and decencies of life which, if long continued, invariably blights both character and career, while his "birth and surroundings" were not those which involve anything like inferiority or humiliation.

He came of "good people"—people of much intelligence and some education, who looked at all their neighbors with level eyes—and any normal boy would view the conditions in which the humorist-philosopher's early days were passed, not with commiseration, but with envy. He himself never even hinted that his boyhood was unhappy or his youth one of hardship. His talents won prompt recognition, and though his after life included some hard fights with circumstance, they all ended in victory. What more could a man ask?

On the other hand, that "any boy" with honesty and industry can accomplish "great things" is true only when "great things" is taken in a sense quite different from what is meant, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, when the expression is used. More, and much more, than honesty and industry is required for the accomplishment of what Mr. CLEMENS did, and had he had no other qualifications, a memorial tablet would never have marked his birthplace.

51. May 16, 1912 - MARK TWAIN MEMORIAL TABLET

Mark Twain Memorial Tablet
Special to The New York Times
HANNIBAL, Mo., May 15.

As a memorial to Hannibal's illustrious Mark Twain, (Samuel L. Clemens,) the boyhood home of the great humorist, located on Hill Street, was presented to the City of Hannibal this afternoon before several thousand people by Mr. and Mrs. George A. Mahan, both of this city. It was in this home where Mark Twain dreamed the fancies that have made all the world happier, and where so many of the incidents of "Tom Sawyer" occurred.
All Hannibal did honor to the great humorist. The afternoon was declared a holiday and business in general was suspended. A number of visitors attended. A procession of honor headed by the First Regiment band, followed by carriages containing city officials and speakers, with citizens and school children on foot, marched to the home from Commercial Club headquarters.
Among the speakers were Dr. Walter Williams, Dean of the School of Journalism, University of Missouri, and the Rev. Dr. Benjamin E. Sylesly, Jr., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, who told of the days when Mark Twain was a boy. Prior to the presentation Mr. Mahan read a letter from Albert Bigelow Paine, Twain's biographer. In presenting the home to the city, which was accepted on behalf of the citizens by Mayor C. T. Hays, Mr. Mahan said:
"The boyhood home of Mark Twain has been presented to the City of Hannibal with the hope and in the full belief that it will be maintained and used as an inspiration to its citizens, to the people of Missouri, and of the Nation as well."

52. May 23, 1912 - MARK TWAIN'S SUMMER HOME SOLD

Mark Twain's Summer Home Sold.
Special to The New York Times.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., May 22.—It was announced to-day that Dr. Munyon, the patent medicine manufacturer, had bought the Charles A. Gardiner place at Tarrytown. It consists of about forty acres of the choicest land on the hills back of the village, and commands a fine river view. It is assessed at $90,000. It was formerly owned by Mark Twain, who made his Summer home there. The sale of the place to John D. Rockefeller has been reported several times. It is expected that Dr. Munyon will make his home here.

53. May 24, 1912 - MARK TWAIN'S SUMMER HOME NOT SOLD

Mark Twain Summer Home Not Sold.
Special to The New York Times.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., May 23.—Dr. William T. Moynan of Tarrytown, N. Y., was much surprised this morning when he read that the estate of the late Charles A. Gardiner, forty acres, on the hills back of the vilage, had been sold to Dr. Munyon, the patent medicine manufacturer. There has been no sale. The property is owned by Dr. Moynan's wife, who was formerly Mrs. Charles A. Gardiner. Mrs. Moynan has owned the property since her first husband's death and she and her husband reside there. The Gardiner estate was formerly owned by Mark Twain.

54. May 31, 1912 - MARK TWAIN ON TEDDY

Mark Twain on Teddy.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

I quote below from a letter written by Mark Twain two days after Col. Roosevelt left the Presidential office. The original is held by Walter Bliss, Hartford, Conn. The article was first printed in the Catalogue of Mark Twain's Library. It seems very apropos to the present situation:

March 6, 1903.

Astronomers assure us that the attraction of gravitation on the surface of the sun is twenty-eight times as powerful as is the force at the earth's surface, and that the object which weighs 217 pounds elsewhere would weigh 6,000 pounds there.

For seven years this country has lain smothering under a burden like that, the incubus representing, in the person of President Roosevelt, the difference between 217 pounds and 6,000. Thanks be we got rid of this disastrous burden day before yesterday, at last. Forever? Probably not. Probably for only a brief breathing spell, wherein, under Mr. Taft, we may hope to get back some of our health—four years. We may expect to have Mr. Roosevelt sitting on us again, with his twenty-eight times the weight of any other Presidential burden that a hostile Providence could impose upon us for our sins.

Our people have adored this showy charlatan as perhaps no impostor of his brood has been adored since the Golden Calf, so it is to be expected that the Nation will want him back again after he is done hunting other wild animals heroically in Africa, with the safeguard and advertising equipment of a park of artillery and a brass band.

B. F. N.

New York, May 28, 1912.

55. July 20, 1912 - ENDOWS TWAIN LIBRARY

ENDOWS TWAIN LIBRARY.

Andrew Carnegie Makes the Author's Memorial Self-Supporting.

The public library founded by the late Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) in Redding, Conn., where he spent the latter years of his life, has been endowed by Andrew Carnegie with a fund sufficient to support it. The library is to be known as the Mark Twain Memorial Library.

When Mr. Clemens moved to Redding he placed several thousand volumes from his own library in a small vacant chapel and opened it to the public. Just before his death he erected a building for the library as a memorial to his daughter Jean. After the author's death Mrs. Gabrilowitsch, another daughter, donated the larger part of his remaining library to the collection.

The library up to the present time has been supported by voluntary contributions.

56. October 13, 1912 - MARK TWAIN - The Official Three-Volume Biography

MARK TWAIN

The Official Three-Volume Biography of Mr. Clemens

By Prof. BRANDER MATTHEWS.
(Columbia University.)

MARK TWAIN: A BIOGRAPHY. The personal and literary life of Samuel Langhorne Clemens. By Albert Bigelow Paine. With letters, comments, and incidental writings hitherto unpublished; also new episodes, anecdotes, &c. Three volumes, fully illustrated. Harper & Brothers. $6.

WHENEVER an important biography of an important author appears, there are two courses open to the reviewer. He may write his article wholly about the new book and give his opinion of that, letting his opinion of its subject be taken for granted; or, he may say as little as he pleases about the new book itself, accepting it merely as a peg upon which to hang his opinions of its subject. But when the new book happens to have Mark Twain for its subject, and to possess the amplitude and the authority of these three volumes with their seventeen hundred solid pages, then the present reviewer declines the privilege of choice between these two methods of consideration, and he feels impelled to avail himself of both methods, one after the other—to consider first of all, the book itself, and then to consider its subject as revealed in this new account of his career and this new revelation of his characteristics.

To begin with the book itself. The bard of the British Empire has insisted that there are nine and sixty ways of writing tribal lays and every single one of them is right. So may it be said that there are nine, or at least six, different ways of writing a biography and every single one of them is right. Mr. Paine has chosen the right way for him—which might not be the right way for another biographer. He has written not a critical study of the author, but a detailed account of the man; he has preferred to be an annalist rather than a historian. What he has here given us is the chronicle of Mark Twain's long life, the record of that career, year after year, month by month, and almost week by week. He has availed himself of all the sources of information available. He was selected for the task by Mark himself, and accepted by the family, so he has been able to use all the correspondence and all the multiplied memorandums and all the many unpublished writings that Mark put aside or never finished. He has had the advantage of the abundant reminiscences dictated by Mark, especially for his benefit. He has verified and rectified all this by diligent and incessant labor. He has interviewed all sorts and conditions of men, who knew Mark in his boyhood, in his youth, and in his maturity. He has sought to buttress his narrative "from direct and positive sources," and he has never been content with "hearsay or vagrant printed items."

printed items."

One result of this method and of the biographer's conscientiousness is that he has been given us one of the longest biographies in the English language—quite the longest which has ever been written about any American author. He supplies us with abundant information about Mark's father and mother, about his brother and his sister, about his wife and his children, about his many friends and his innumerable acquaintances, and even about the strangers within his gates. With infinite care and with infinite detail he traces Mark's career from the cradle to the grave—omitting nothing which could in any way cast light upon his character. With Mark's death he stops; and as a result he does not record the memorial meeting at Steinway Hall, arranged by the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Here, once for all, are the final materials for all who may hereafter want to write about the most interesting figure in American literature at the beginning of the twentieth century—a figure as intensely and inexpugnably American as the figures of Franklin and Lincoln. The gleaners who come after may have access to correspondence not now accessible, and they may be able to add inconsiderable items of information here and there; but now, in these three volumes, the record is substantially complete. In these pages we have Mark Twain as he lived his long life.

Much Autobiography

A large part—a very large part—of Mark's work was autobiographical. He told us about his own boyhood in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." He described in "Life on the Mississippi" how he began as a pilot, and how he learned the river. He narrated his travels in "The Innocents Abroad" and "A Tramp Abroad" and "Following the Equator." He began a formal autobi-

ography of which fragments have been published. To all these Mr. Paine supplies a running commentary, correcting the slips of Mark's memory, and noting the variations from fact, which Mark often made, sometimes for reasons of his own—literary reasons only—and sometimes from sheer inadvertence. In some ways Mark's memory was marvelous, but it was uncertain. "When I was younger," so Mr. Paine records him as saying, "I could remember anything: whether it happened or not; but I'm getting old, and soon I shall remember only the latter." In the memory of every man possessed of imagination there is ever an irrepressible conflict between poetry and truth—Dichtung und Wahrheit, and Mark was subject to this rule as well as Goethe, whose good faith is equally indisputable.

Mr. Paine straightens out the facts for us, even though Mark had somehow twisted them; and he gives us a host of other facts not derived from Mark himself or from Mark's writings, published or unpublished. He tells a plain tale, not extenuating Mark's mistakes, his peculiarities, or his misunderstandings. Here Mr. Paine fulfills the first duty of a biographer. He is sincere, honest, frank —as Mark was himself. He has a superb belief in the nobility of his subject, and he paints him, as Cromwell wished to be portrayed, with his warts. This is how Mark also would wish to be delineated, and taken as a whole the book completely justifies Mr. Paine's belief that Mark was so big that there is nothing lost by revealing the infrequent littlenesses he chanced to have, the few defects, and the many inconsistencies. To know him was to understand him and to love him, and Mr. Paine will help thousands who already love him without knowing him to understand him as they never did before.

His Clubs

What I for one—if a book reviewer who warrants his opinion by his signature may for a moment speak for himself—what I have found in these volumes only confirms and strengthens the impression formed by many years of friendship. I was only a boy of 15 when I bought the "Jumping Frog," issued by Charles H. Webb in 1867. A few years later I heard the speech which Mark made at the hundredth performance of Col. Sellers by John T. Raymond, and I recall that this was not one of his most appropriate addresses, since it consisted mainly in his telling the tale of his unfortunate experiences with a certain Mexican plug. Not long after I met him, and even before the little dining club called The Kinsmen was founded, I came to know him better. I had the satisfaction of pleasing him by an article on "Huckleberry Finn," written for The London Saturday Review in 1884. We helped to found the Authors Club about that time—as later we helped to found The Players. We served together on the Executive Committee of the American Copyright League, which led to our having a little passage at arms in the pages of The New Princeton Review; then more than a score of years ago we spent the better part of a Summer together at Onteora, where I was made witness of the beautiful happiness of his home life. When the complete edition of his works was planned I was asked to prepare a

was planned I was asked to prepare a
biographical criticism for the first volume. Only seven years ago, at my request, he gladly became a member of the Simplified Spelling Board, for the absurdities of our English orthography appealed irresistibly to his sense of humor. And the Mark Twain I came to know in the course of all these years is the Mark Twain I find portrayed in this biography.

Although these volumes are intended rather as a record of Mark's career than as a study of his character, they lay that character bare before us that we may analyze it for ourselves. Here is the full story of his life, and we can see for ourselves what manner of man he was in the beginning, and what manner of man he was at the end. As we turn Mr. Paine's pages what is borne in upon us is that although the boy is father to the man, and although Mark was in many respects at the end what he had been at the beginning, yet there had been a wonderful development in him, an amazing expansion of unexpected power; a transformation which we might be tempted to call unprecedented if we did not remember that it has been paralleled by Franklin and by Lincoln—a transformation possible only in these United States, and perhaps characteristic of these United States. Here is a boy born in a primitive Missouri village, with no advantages, as these are called; he starts as a journeyman printer, roaming as far East as New York; he turns pilot on the mighty river he always loved; he sets off pioneering in Nevada; he becomes a newspaper man in San Francisco; and it is as a newspaper correspondent that he first crosses the Atlantic. The book in which he describes this trip makes him famous, and launches him on the voyage to fame. He travels, he writes other books, he makes

a fortune and he loses it; and when he is 70 he is universally recognized as one of the half dozen living authors whose reputation is truly international. Universities are glad to honor him, and Kings are glad to talk to him and to let him talk to them. He is welcome in all circles and in every circle he holds his own with the best. Yet he remains himself, the simple creature he had been at the beginning. Perhaps better than any other of our authors had he seen the full spectroscope of American life, that spectroscope which is so curiously akin to a kaleidoscope.

How did this expansion come about? How did the idle boy who was more or less Tom Sawyer—and rather more than less—how did he grow up to be the austere satirist who wrote "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburgh"? How came it about that the profane pilot of a Mississippi steamer rose to be the reverent recorder of the life and death of the Maid of France? How was it that the newspaper reporter whose earliest efforts at authorship are little better than the comic copy, common enough in the journals of fifty years ago, should have so mastered our stubborn language that he became as remarkable as a stylist as he was a moralist? He achieved a control over the multifarious vocabulary of English, a command of the exact noun and of the inevitable adjective not inferior to that of Swift or Bunyan. No one of the monarchs of English prose has surpassed in power, in dignity, and in beauty the description of the Jungfrau, (which Mr. Paine quotes from "A Tramp Abroad,") or one descriptive of a gentleman, (also here quoted from his tribute to the dead coachman who had served his family for years.)

The Transformation

Mr. Paine's narrative sets before us the successive stages of this most interesting and most mysterious transformation, even if they cannot explain the secret of genius. For one other puzzle, however, they do supply an explanation, or at least they present the facts from which an explanation may be deduced. The puzzle is this: How are we to account for the strange inequality in Mark's writing, late as well as early? How was it that after the veracity of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" he descended to the labored unreality of "Tom Sawyer, Detective," and its fellow artificialities? It will not do to answer that Mark's taste was uncertain, and that he could not distinguish his bad work from his good. The question lies deeper. How did he come to write so much that was distinctly inferior to his own average? How did he come to make so many mistakes in name and in treatment?

Mr. Paine frankly tells us that there are still in manuscript a host of these, discarded by Mark himself, under advice from Mrs. Clemens or from Mr. Howells.

The explanation seems to be that Mark was rarely at his best when he was relying solely or mainly on his own invention. He seems to have needed the sustaining power of the actual fact. What he invented himself was likely to have the artificiality and the fantasticality of mere invention. What he had seen himself or what he had heard from an eyewitness, he could absorb and make his own and set his imagination at work to interpret. It is a commonplace of criticism that great poets do not invent their myths. They are content to take an old

myths. They are content to take an old
tale and tell it anew, bringing out its latent beauty, and its human significance. In this way Mark was a poet, and he was happiest when he did not tax his invention, but let his imagination play with the actual fact.

True Stories

I can recall that forty years ago, when Tom Kennett, the man from whom Mark had bought his share of The Buffalo Express, said that Mark liked to get hold of true stories to tell them in his own fashion. I rather resented this as an unfair aspersion on Mark's literary honesty. But I am a little older now, and I can see that this slur was only the offensive expression of the truth. Mr. Paine gives us the names of the men from whose lips Mark heard the original of the "Jumping Frog" and of the bluejay tale (in "A Tramp Abroad,") and of other similar humorous narratives. Mark told me once that there was not a chapter in "Tom Sawyer" that was not taken straight from life, and that what happened to Tom in the book had happened to Mark himself or to some other boy he knew. As there is little of sheer invention in "Tom Sawyer"—however much there may be of co-ordinating and interpreting imagination—so there is little sheer invention in the autobiographic books, the "Innocents Abroad" and "A Tramp Abroad," "Life on the Mississippi" and "Following the Equator." Mark made his profit out of what he said himself, out of what happened to him or to the friend who was with him, and out of what the friend told out of a personal experience. This was the raw material that he needed and that he could use to

best advantage. He wanted the concrete fact to embroider with humorous fancy. And when he started by himself inventing the fancy the result was likely to be fantastic. This accounts for the disconcerting unreality of some of his inventions as it accounts also for the solidity of the stories originally rooted in reality. Mr. Paine describes how Mark took down "A True Story" and declares that this gave him "a chance to exercise two of his chief gifts—transcription and portrayal; he was always greater at these things than at invention."

But the temptation to quote and to comment must be resisted once for all. Mr. Paine has done a work well worth doing; and on the whole he has done it well. If the reader, after having followed Mark's career in Mr. Paine's pages, wants a more intimate and a more imaginative interpretation of Mark's character, he will find it in Mr. Howells's sequence of criticisms and confidences which he aptly entitled "My Mark Twain." The long friendship of Mr. Howells and Mark, its absolute loyalty on both sides, may be set by the side of the friendships—not nobler or more helpful—of Molière and Boileau and of Goethe and Schiller. Mr. Paine gives many alluring excerpts from the innumerable letters they interchanged in the course of two score years. Perhaps some day this correspondence may be printed in full for the delight of all lovers of good writing and good humor, good thinking and good fellowship.

57. February 2,1913 - A TRAGIC DEATH

The recent tragic death of Lysander Johnson, formerly of Hannibal, Mo., .e-moves another of the joyous band which helped the youthful Samuel Clemens to enliven the world with the record later of their boyish 'oings. Johnson and Samuel Clemens explored together the caves along the Mississippi River which figure so importantly in "Tom Sawyer." A. B. Paine, author of "Mar! Twain: A Biography," states that the fascination of this cave to Sa uel C!emens never faded; "other localities and diversions might fail, but any mention of the cave found him always eager and ready for the three-mile walk or pull that brought .hem to its mystic door."

58. March 22,1913 - HOW TWAIN REACHED OLD AGE - lecture on him by Dr. W. L. Phelps

HOW TWAIN REACHED OLD AGE

Violated All Rules of Health, According to Old Friend.

RICHMOND, Va., March 21.—Mark Twain attributed his long and healthy life to his constant violation of all the rules of right living, according to Dr. William Lyon Phelps, who delivered a lecture at the Richmond College recently about the humorist.

Dr. Phelps was a personal friend of Twain, and spoke of Twain's life as a wonderful romance, in which every circumstance tended to push him forward in the great career for which he was destined. In his youth he said he had no literary ambition, and he would never have left his position as a Mississippi River pilot but for the outbreak of the civil war. He then became a miner in the West, and missed striking an immense fortune by five minutes, so that he remained poor and had to become a newspaper man. He was sent abroad as a correspondent, and the book, "Innocents Abroad," which first made his reputation, was the result.

The great flaw in Twain's character, said Dr. Phelps, was his pessimism, for, with all his humor, he considered life wholly bad. He declared in all seriousness that he always felt happier at a funeral than at a wedding, because at a wedding the trouble was just beginning, whereas at a funeral it was all over.

"Mark, at one time," continued Dr. Phelps, "said that for twenty-four years he had known that life was not worth living." This trait, Dr. Phelps said, showed that although a great literary artist, he was not a great philosopher.

Dr. Phelps read several letters from Twain to him, including one which was probably the last that he wrote. Mark Twain's humor, he said, was the typical American humor, having nothing of the cynicism and mockery of the French, nor of the careless good humor of the Irish. American humor he defined as an explosive reaction against American nervousness. It was a sort of broad and incongruous buffoonery.

59. December 7, 1914 - A "WAR PRAYER" BY TWAIN

A "WAR PRAYER" BY TWAIN.

Unpublished Article by Author Read in St. Louis.

Special to The New York Times.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 6.—An unpublished article by Mark Twain, called "The War Prayer," was recalled by Dr. Henry Neuman, leader of the Ethical Culture Society in Brooklyn, this morning in his address on "Mark Twain" before the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

The story tells how a regiment on its way to the front assembles at a church and prays for victory. When the prayer is concluded a white-robed stranger enters to say he has been sent from "On High" with a message that the petition will be answered if the men care to repeat it after understanding its full import. Their prayer, he tells them, asks for more than they seem to realize. Hence he bids them listen while he repeats aloud these unspoken implications of their desire:

> "O, Lord, we go forth to smite the foe. Help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiting fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief. For our sakes, who adore thee, Lord, blast their steps, water their way with their tears.

Because he was told that this article would be regarded as sacriligious, Mark Twain, who, according to Dr. Neuman, was a free thinker, did not print it.

60. February 20, 1915 - FRANK FULLER DEAD

FRANK FULLER DEAD; UTAH WAR GOVERNOR

Well-Known Character of This City and Country Was an Intimate of Mark Twain.

DOCTOR, DENTIST, LAWYER

Told Story of Humorist Cutting Buttonhole Stitches in His First Evening Dress Suit.

Frank Fuller, war Governor of Utah, lawyer, dentist, physician, friend of Lincoln, intimate of Mark Twain, and one of the most widely known characters of this city and the United States, died of old age yesterday afternoon in his apartments at the Hotel Irving, 26 Gramercy Park, in his eighty-eighth year. He was one of the few men who had lived and been part of the history of this country and had been in touch with events of national import.

Dr. Fuller was born in Boston, his father, John Smith Fuller, being a Deacon in Dr. Lyman Beecher's church and a noted Biblical scholar. As soon as he was able to decide for himself he made up his mind to become a doctor. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes selected Dr. Benjamin Hubbard of Plymouth, Mass.,

Benjamin Hubbard of Plymouth, Mass., as his preceptor because he had a drugstore, and Dr. Fuller studied under him. Later he studied dentistry under John Gunn, one of the best dentists of his time, and of whose will his father was the executor.

Dr. Fuller next became a newspaper man, more by accident than by his own decision. His brother, Edward Fuller, was a printer on The Dover Gazette and sent for him to come and help him out, and he remained with the paper until he had thoroughly mastered the business.

In 1860, when Dr. Fuller was practicing dentistry in Portsmouth, he began making speeches for the Republican Party and became prominent in politics. Robert T. Lincoln, son of Abraham Lincoln, was then at school at Phillips Exeter Academy, and when Dr. Fuller was asked to deliver a Fourth of July oration he asked that young Lincoln be called upon to read the Declaration of Independence. Lincoln agreed to do so if his father would permit. Dr. Fuller wired to Mr. Lincoln, and his reply, received next day, gave the permission, saying, "Tell Robert to take every occasion to read the immortal document, and the bigger the crowd the louder he must holler."

Shortly after this, Dr. Fuller attended a convention in Cleveland and there met Abraham Lincoln for the first time.

When the war broke out Dr. Fuller organized the Second New Hampshire Regiment, of which he was in the beginning paymaster, quartermaster and, to use his own words, "inspector of cooks and protector against coffee strong enough to kill." He went with his regiment to Washington and then came another change in his life.

Gov. Cummings of Utah had been reported missing at that time, and President Lincoln was much worried over the situation in that State. Senator John P. Hale of New Hampshire took Dr. Fuller to the White House and suggested to the President that he appoint him Governor of Utah in place of the missing Governor. Because he feared that Cummings might return, Mr. Lincoln appointed Dr. Fuller Secretary of Utah, with the salary of Governor, and sent him out to take charge of that State. The understanding was that if Cum-

mings never returned (and he never did) Dr. Fuller was to be appointed Governor, and thus he became the war-time Chief Executive of Utah, which then was having much trouble with Brigham Young and his Mormons. The Governor was able to avoid friction by taking a firm stand for the enforcement of the laws, and the result was that conditions in Utah were better during the evil times of the civil war than ever before.

When the Pacific Telegraph Company completed the first telegraph line into Salt Lake City, in October, 1861, Dr. Fuller sent the first message, a dispatch to President Lincoln, to which the President replied, saying:

"The completion of the telegraph to Salt Lake City is auspicious of the stability and union of the Republic. The Government reciprocates your congratulation."

Dr. Fuller first met Mark Twain in Nevada when he lived in the little camp which was the home of Gov. Nye of Nevada, whom he was visiting. On this trip Dr. Fuller was admitted to the bar of Nevada, the motion to admit being made by the late Senator William M. Stewart. Mark Twain at that time was working on the Territorial Enterprise of Virginia City.

Dr. Fuller and the author became intimate friends and years after when Mark Twain first came to this city, after his first successful lecture tour in California, he called on the former Governor at his offices at 25 Broadway. With the assistance of Dr. Fuller, arrangements were made for the first Twain lecture, which was given at Cooper Union. Before the lecture an incident occurred typical of both Mark Twain and Dr. Fuller. In speaking of it in later years, Dr. Fuller said:

"Mark was a very fine dresser and thought that his ordinary sack suit would be good enough to lecture in. I told him he must wear evening dress and he said he had never worn a claw-hammer in his life. I put a first-class tailor on the job and made Mark get a suitable collar and necktie.

"When the clothes came Mark put them on and rehearsed in my office; and as he rehearsed he railed at the tailor who had sewed up the button-holes so he couldn't button his coat. I told him that it was not customary to button a dress coat. He pointed to my engraving of Daniel Webster and sarcastically asked who knew best, Daniel Webster or a scrub of a tailor? He then asked if I knew of any other man who habitually wore evening dress and I told him I did.

"He then grabbed the scissors and cut the stitches closing the buttonholes, and buttoning the coat remarked, 'Now there are three of us,' and so garbed he spoke his piece when the time came."

Dr. Fuller established the Health Food Company, of 25 Lexington Avenue, in 1874, of which he was President until his death. With his wife, who died in 1906, he was in the Windsor Hotel fire, in which eighty-four of their friends lost their lives, and from which they escaped unhurt. A son, Louis R. Fuller, survives him.

61. May 16,1915 - AUTHORS GIVE MANUSCRIPTS FOR WAR SALE

(This Edited article contains only segments related to Mark Twain)

By Joyce Kilmer.

HALF a century ago there were held in New York the great "Sanitary Fairs," which were managed and patronized by the charitably disposed in an effort to relieve some of the suffering caused by the civil war. On the afternoon and evening of Thursday, May 20, will occur at the Anderson Galleries a benefit sale for the Belgian sufferers which brings to mind these philanthropic enterprises of a bygone generation. But this sale is under the auspices of one organization, the Authors Club, and the articles to be sold (which are to be on exhibition at the galleries during the week preceding the sale) are literary and artistic in character, consisting of original manuscripts, presentation books, autograph letters, and original drawings.

Of all the great sales of books which have occurred in America, few, it may safely be assumed, have surpassed this in general interest. The Authors Club counts among its members nearly all the important writers in the country, and these men have given their inscribed and autographed books and, in some cases, pages of manuscript. Through the generosity of their publishers, many of the deceased members of the club are also represented, notably James Russell Lowell, John Greenleaf Whittier, Robert Louis Stevenson, Matthew Arnold, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Edmund Clarence Stedman, and Harriet Beecher Stowe—the only woman ever admitted to membership in the Authors.

The books and manuscripts on sale have been gathered and arranged by a committee consisting of Dr. Rossiter Johnson, James Howard Bridge, George Sidney Hellman, and Joseph Spencer Kennard. The fund obtained will be forwarded to the American Minister at The Hague, Dr. Henry van Dyke, who is himself a member of the Authors' Club. He will give his personal attention to the distribution of the money.

One of the prizes of the collection, the item likely to be most eagerly sought for, is the original autograph manuscript of Mark Twain's story "The New War Scare." This curious piece of fantastic writing, which deals with the Government and people of the State of Monaco, never was published. It consists of twenty-nine octavo pages in Mark Twain's clear and interesting hand, and is signed at the end "Mark Twain." In a prefatory note the author states that "This was written in the threatening days of 1898, but was not published because the scare passed away."

There are other Mark Twain items. One is a copy of the "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," with a page-and-a-half letter by the author inserted. The letter deals with the serial publication of the work, and reads, in part: "Your printers need watching; they take some very large liberties with my spelling and punctuation." There is an uncut copy of "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," inscribed on the fly-leaf "S. L. Clemens Mark Twain." There is also a copy of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," with a signed letter from Mark Twain to Duffield Osborne, in which Mark Twain gives Mr. Osborne his private telephone number and invites him to his home.

62. June 6, 1915 - MARK TWAIN [popularity with German readers]

MARK TWAIN

IN these days of international animosities it is pleasant to recognize the universality of appreciation that attaches to what is truly great or, in other words, human in literature, a universality that is emphasized in the obliteration of national prejudices with which the humor of MARK TWAIN finds general acceptance. From the reports that have reached us from time to time as to the books that find favor in the literature in demand "at the front" we recall that the name of this typical American humorist enjoys a generous popularity with the German soldiery. That this is so constitutes one of those spontaneous tributes to genius that is worth more, perhaps, than the reasoned appreciation of scholarship. It is *the humanity in the* work of MARK TWAIN that gives to his humor the cosmopolitan quality that transcends geographical and even racial limitations and makes of him something that belongs not to a nation merely but to mankind. The fact and something of its explanation is noted by Professor LEON KELLNER in his recently published work on "American Literature," appearing in the new series of "American Books," (Doubleday, Page & Co.) American humor in general, according to Professor KELLNER, has appealed to the German reader. But of all our humorists in this connection MARK TWAIN seems to stand supreme:

> All strata, all callings, all climes, all temperaments and destinies are represented in him. The pompous Senator is
> sented in him. The pompous Senator is
> not spared, the poor nigger Jim not forgotten.
>
> This is the chief reason why to foreigners MARK TWAIN comes so much closer than do the more recent American humorists, who surpass him, perhaps, in keenness and wit; the reason why Germans in particular regard him almost as one of their own; I believe no English or American writer of today has found as many translators and publishers in Germany. Our American, in his fine humanity, in his idealism, in his *gentleness*, is almost an old-fashioned gentleman. It is a pity that the Puritan spirit, which still prevailed in the home of MARK TWAIN's parents, is dying out. True enough, it *often* produced blind zealots, intolerable pedants. But where the Puritan shoot encountered the suitable psychical disposition, we had a LINCOLN, an EMERSON, an OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, a MARK TWAIN.

Professor KELLNER assails the criticism that attempts to define—and condemn—MARK TWAIN's humor as merely "grotesque exaggeration." He places Mr. CLEMENS among those who, according to OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, are gifted with "telescopic natures" and, in the breadth of his interests and humanity classes him with DICKENS.

63. August 3, 1915 - TWO PAINFUL POEMS ["Punch, Brothers, Punch"]

TWO PAINFUL POEMS.

Vindication is a slow pedestrian, usually waiting, in fact, till near the end of the third act. Not often does it proceed so swiftly and unerringly as it has in the case of some observations made in THE NEW YORK TIMES concerning "Is This Mr. Reilly?" with an incidental reference to "Punch in the presence of the passenjare." There has arisen a host of witnesses to confute us, and they have stepped on each other's feet and out of their own mouths have they vindicated us.

The chorus of "Mr. Reilly" appears to be the simplest in the world, but not only can no two persons agree upon it, but each displays a heated certainty about his version, and men who will concede that their religion is wrong will regard it as the last insult if any one questions their version of "Mr. Reilly." This tantalizing chorus, what witchery did PAT ROONEY weave into its construction that men should lose their reason? It seems to fit smoothly into the memory, but only to confuse the minds of men and make them short-breathed and red-faced with old friends. Magic not exactly black but none too white, magic as subtle as that woven into "Punch, brothers," which condemned any one who heard it once to go on hearing it, to keep quoting it, until the frenzy wore off.

Since for some deep psychological reason any question about either of these productions arouses anger deeper than the rage of war, there immediately rushed upon us hordes of in-

diately rushed upon us hordes of in-

dignant letter writers, each denying that there was any question about the Reilly chorus and each giving the correct one; only each gave a different chorus. And on their heels came rushing yet others, denying that there was *anything* peculiar about "Punch, brothers." Most of these misunderstood the contention and supposed that there was a controversy over the authorship of that great poem; and with a contempt that bit deep they informed us that there was no such controversy, that it was written by MARK TWAIN.

But it wasn't, and out of their own mouths they have erected a controversy where there was none before. MARK TWAIN did not write it, and never pretended to write it. In the famous skit in which he dealt with the irritating problem raised by this exasperating jingle he said that it was a newspaper jingle, and it was. MARK TWAIN did not know who the author was. There really was a sign in the horse cars of the seventies directing the conductors to punch "in the pres-

ence of the passenger," and specifying "a buff trip slip for a three-cent fare, a pink trip slip for a five-cent fare," and so on. "Why, it's poetry!" exclaimed one of a party of newspaper men one night, studying the sign as they went home. They assembled its lines in metrical form, added some improvements, such as

Punch, brothers, punch, punch with care,
All in the presence of the passenjare,

and one of them, ISAAC H. BROMLEY, published it in The New York Tribune, where MARK TWAIN saw it and let it loose upon the world. A maddening thing; it filled nearly as many insane asylums as "Mr. Reilly." And now, thirty years after the question of whether Mr. Reilly was Terence or John, and whether he was looking quite well or cut quite a swell, has died out; forty years after MARK TWAIN got "Punch, conductor," out of his head by reciting it to an orphan asylum, and when the world is at last able to forget its disquiet over these problems, there arise vaunting and toplofty persons to assert that there is not, and never was, a problem connected with either. It is well if they can quaff a kind nepenthe and forget the hot and rebellious dissensions of the seventies and eighties; but let them not instruct those less fortunate and of better memory.

64. August 8, 1915 - THE HAUNTING DOGGEREL.[‘‘Punch, Brothers, Punch’‘]

THE HAUNTING DOGGEREL.
Further Involuntary Discussion of the "Punch Brothers" Rhyme.
From The New Bedford Morning Mercury.

It is extraordinary how many people know things that aren't so. In the silly Summer season it is a habit to give over newspaper space to discussions over trivial subjects. This year THE NEW YORK TIMES has been printing variant versions of the Reilly lyric of the eighties until the other day, when an inquiry appeared concerning the authorship of that haunting doggerel, "Punch in the presence of the passenjare." Some one started trouble by inquiring into the authorship, and a score of contributors hastened to say - "Mark Twain."

Mark Twain wrote a number of metrical compositions, but, in spite of general assumption, he was not the author of the "Punch" lines. Those verses were the joint composition of Isaac Bromley, Noah Brooks, W. C. Wyckoff, and Moses W. Handy. Mark Twain read the verses in a newspaper and gave them currency in a skit in which he pictured their tantalizing sway.

To correct misinformation upon the important subject of the authorship of the classic lines, we quote the true story as told by Albert Bigelow Paine in his biography of Mark Twain. A certain car line, writes Mr. Paine, had recently adopted the "punch system" and posted in its cars for the information of passengers and conductor this placard:

A Blue Trip Slip for an 8 Cents Fare.
A Buff Trip Slip for a 6 Cents Fare.
A Pink Trip Slip for a 3 Cents Fare.

For Coupon and Transfer, Punch the Tickets.
Noah Brooks and Isaac Bromley were riding downtown one evening on the Fourth Avenue line, when Bromley said: "Brooks, it's poetry. By George, it's poetry!" Brooks followed the direction of Bromley's finger and read the card of instructions. They began perfecting the poetic character of the notice, giving it still more of a rhythmic twist and jingle and, arriving at The Tribune office, W. C. Wyckoff, scientific editor, and Moses P. Handy lent intellectual and poetic assistance with this result:

Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!
Chorus.
Punch brothers! Punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenjare.

It was printed, and street car poetry at once became popular. "Clemens discovered the lines," writes Mr. Paine, "and on one of their walks recited them to Twitchell. 'A Literary Nightmare' was written a few days later. In it Mark tells how the jingle took instant and entire possession of him and went waltzing through his brain; how, when he had finished his breakfast he couldn't tell whether he had eaten anything or not, and how, when he went to finish the novel he was writing, and took up his pen, he could only get it so say: 'Punch in the presence of the passenjare.' He found relief at last in telling it to his reverend friend, Twitchell, upon whom he unloaded it with sad results." The skit was published in the Atlantic. Howells, it is related, going to dine at Ernest Longfellow's the day following its appearance, heard his host and Tom Appleton urging each other to "Punch with care." "The Longfellow ladies had it by heart. Boston was devastated by it. At home Howell's children recited it to him in chorus. The streets were full of it; in Harvard it became an epidemic."

It was transformed into other tongues. Swinburne did a French version for the "Revue des Deux Mondes," entitled "Le Chant du Conducteur," commencing:

Avant ete paye, le conducteur,
Percera an pleine vue du voyageur,
Quand il recoit trois sous un coupon vert. &c.

A St. Louis magazine found relief in a Latin anthem with this chorus:

Pungite, fratres, pungite,
Pungite, cum amore,
Pungite pro vectore,
Diligentissime pungite.

In view of the history of this haunting ditty and the fact that it has been deemed worth while to revive the lines after thirty years or more, it is worth while to set the new generation straight as to the authorship.

65. September 26, 1915 - FINANCIAL MISTAKES OF LEADERS AND THINKERS

Financial Mistakes of Leaders and Thinkers
(This edited article includes only segments related to Mark Twain)

The Case of Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis Has Interesting Parallels in the Experiences of Grant, Mark Twain, Sir Walter Scott, and Many Others
Financial misfortune is often the portion of leaders and thinkers, wherefore in the light of historic instances the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis may well take heart of grace.
His dramatic story of his luckless speculations in Western timber lands, told last Sunday from the storied pulpit of Plymouth Church, still rings in the public ear.
And yet how like a repeat of history it seems. The very mention of it brings before the mind's eye visions of scores of the world's great who fell into the same error and retrieved it by unremitting toil just as Dr. Hillis proposes to do.
The clergyman is peculiarly subject to the advice of well-meaning friends and the artifice of the charlatan, for although he has breadth of vision his mind has so little to do with the things of the earth that he has little real understanding of the trend of affairs.
"I was careless of my temporalities," you remember the impecunious Goldsmith makes Dr. Primrose say in "The Vicar of Wakefield." Trusting all his money to the merchant in the neighboring town, the vicar distributed alms to the poor and dispensed hospitality with open hands. When disaster came upon him he did the best that he could, withdrew from his associations, and faced the world with high courage and firm resolve until again fortune smiled anew.
Although the minister is more liable to financial error than other classes of professional men, the history of modern times is filled with instances of leaders of thought who have fallen into the same pitfalls.
The homely wisdom which Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) puts into the utterances of his hero, "Puddenhead [sic] Wilson," are hard-earned axioms coming from his own financial reverses. He warns us in one of the inimitable paragraphs to beware of putting one's eggs in different baskets, for better it is to put them all in the same place and watch the basket.
There are few men who an attend to one thing well. The minister, the writer, and the teacher are less likely than those in any other vocations to win material success.
In the days when get-rich-quick concerns flourished especial attention was given to the ministry, and alluring circulars were sent to them giving them special rates on the consideration that they would recommend stocks to the members of their flocks. Occasionally one fell into the trap, to his great sorrow and to that of those who had accepted his counsel.
In these days it is the "nudge" and the "whisper" which so often leaves the clergyman with little save his library. Some friend who knows or thinks he does bestows the kindly hint upon the man of the cloth, who takes all that is said as gospel and gives over his savings.
The anxiety of the minister to provide for the future of his family is as intense as is that of men in other professions, and he has little opportunity for making those sudden coups which so often lead others to fortune.
Those who are familiar with the inventories of estates are impressed with the wide variety of worthless stocks and bonds which find their way into the strong boxes of ministers, of physicians and even lawyers. These professions are noted for their accumulations of "cats and dogs." Even in the appraisal of the property of the greatest financiers are found many securities purchased often on account of personal friendship which are not worth the paper on which they are printed.
The business man makes losses and retrieves them, the professional man intent on his own affairs is likely to drop the game, to sell house and goods and become a slave to debt. The Rev. Dr. Dwight Hillis is following in the footsteps of Sir Walter Scott, of Mark Twain, of General Grant, and of a host of others who found themselves at middle age in much the same predicament.
The great historic instance is that of Sir Walter Scott. He saw himself the head of a great publishing house, producing costly books and rare editions, and issuing scholarly reviews from the ever busy press. The fall of the house of Ballantyne & Co., of which he was the secret partner for years, was one of the great failures n the publishing trade. His commercial advisers, so confident were they in his genius, followed his directions without question. Finally came the crash under [pound sign] 130,000 of debt, for which the novelist assumed the responsibility.
Despite his advancing age and his growing infirmities he evolved poems and novels from his fertile brain and repaid a large portion of the staggering debt. In the course of two years the earnings of his pen contributed [pound sign] 40,000 to his creditors.

Mark Twain had for many years received large royalties. Through the advice of friends he was induced to invest in the firm of Charles L. Webster & Co. of this city. When disaster came he pledged himself to pay off the full amount. By writing unceasingly, and lecturing around the world, he did it.

The erroneous impression prevails to this day that the late H. H. Rogers, Standard Oil millionaire and long his friend, contributed money to tide the author over his period of misfortune. As a matter of fact, Mr. Rogers never gave a cent. He constituted himself general manager for Mark Twain, and gave the business of authorship the benefit of that acumen and common sense which it so often lacks. The indebtedness was discharged, and the name of Samuel L. Clemens will always be connected with an honorable and courageous life.

66. April 30, 1916 - MARK TWAIN, MR. HOWELLS [Book Review - ‘‘The Mysterious Stranger‘‘]

MARK TWAIN, MR. HOWELLS

Among the many new names, new tendencies, new achievements characterizing our current literature we are apt to regard Mr. CLEMENS and Mr. HOWELLS and their work as belonging to a school of fiction slightly different, appreciably older than the one that is supposed to ordain the form and texture of our present-day novels. Of course, fiction has become much too large a branch of the world's literature and comprises the contributions from too many and diverse minds to be really dominated by any one "school" in spite of the literary historian's passion for so analyzing and labeling it. Nevertheless, we do, unconsciously perhaps, think of these two revered masters of the story art as working by a method and with an aim that does not particularly belong to this present decade of the twentieth century. In this we may be right, although it is more likely that in the case of any genuine mastery in creative literature we should not admit the circumscribing influence of any one age or set of literary theories. The truth of the latter view is abundantly upheld by the two novels that have just commenced their serial publication, the one entitled "The Mysterious Stranger," by MARK TWAIN, appearing in Harper's Magazine; the other "The Leatherwood God," by WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, in the Century. Both stories, judging by their first few chapters, are marked, in treatment, by their essential contemporaneousness. This is not to say that they are the familiar product known as "stories of present-day life." Mr. CLEMENS, indeed, places the scene of his romance in the Austria of over three centuries ago, while Mr. HOWELLS chooses a backwoods settlement of an earlier period, by several decades, than the one in which we are living. But in both novels the theme that is apparently chosen for development has to do with humanity's religious strivings, and in so far they enter a field that has of late exerted an increasing attraction upon other novelists. The coincidence in choice is a striking one. Novel readers, assuredly, have an exceptional treat promised them for this and the ensuing season in following the strange adventures and unraveling the problems that both these stories promise. The posthumous novel by MARK TWAIN is the fruit, apparently, of that author's matured thought and art, full of daring imagination - abundantly evident, even in this first installment and not without those touches of humorous description characteristic of his pen. The picture drawn thus far by Mr. HOWELLS, it is needless to say, is delightfully real, while the religious - or psychological - problem hinted at inevitably fills the reader's mind with the particular kind of curiousity indispensable to the creation of the highest interest in a work of fiction. One never knows, of course, what will happen in a serial novel. The lead apparently given may end in a blind trail. Few recent novels, however, have opened with such ample promise as the two by these masters of fiction appearing in Harper's and the Century. Their further development, through many installments, will be worth watching.

67. August 27, 1916 - LITERARY STYLE [Untitled Review of "The Mysterious Stranger"]

READERS who have noted in his later writings Mark Twain's increasing penchant for speculative thought will not be surprised at the strong tendency in this direction shown in his posthumous story, "The Mysterious Stranger," appearing serially in Harper's Magazine. Mr. CLEMENS was much interested in the problems of theology, although he wrote little, if anything, on the subject over his own name. His religious theories, however, were published anonymously a few years before his death, in a monograph privately circulated by the author. The thin octavo volume has probably become, by this time, one of the rare treasures for which book collectors are looking. In "The Mysterious Stranger" these religious theories appear incidentally to the story. In the September installment, for instance, there is this bit on predestination:

"Among you boys you have a game; you stand a row of bricks on end a few inches apart; you push a brick, it knocks its neighbor over, the neighbor knocks over the next brick—and so on till all the row is prostrate. That is human life. A child's first act knocks over the initial brick, and the rest will follow inexorably. If you could see into the future, as I can, you would see everything that was going to happen to that creature; for nothing can change the order of its life after the first event has determined it. That is, nothing will change it, because each act unfailingly begets an act, that act begets another, and so on to the end, and the seer can look forward down the line and see just when each act is to have birth, from cradle to grave."

"Does God order the career?"

"Foreordain it? No. The man's circumstance and environment order it. His first act determines the second and all that follow after. But suppose, for argument's sake, that the man should skip one of these acts; an apparently trifling one, for instance; suppose that it had been appointed that on a certain day, at a certain hour and minute and second and fraction of a second, he should go to the well, and he didn't go. That man's career would change utterly, from that moment; thence to the grave it would be wholly different from the career which his first act as a child had arranged for him. Indeed, it might be that if he had gone to the well he would have ended his career on a throne, and that omitting to do it would set him upon a career that would lead to beggary and a pauper's grave. For instance, if at any time—say in boyhood—Columbus had skipped the triflingest little link in the chain of acts projected and made inevitable by his first childish act, it would have changed his whole subsequent life, and he would have become a priest and died obscure in an Italian village, and America would not have been discovered for two centuries afterward."

68. February 7, 1917 - He Gave Credit, but in the Wrong Place [‘‘Punch, Brothers, Punch’‘]

He Gave Credit, but in the Wrong Place.

Pork has its laureate. Mr. Nicholas Longworth, who usually takes the lid only in private from his comic gift, let that give soar and bubble in the House the other day:

Dig, brothers, dig with glee;
Dig to the bottom of the treasuree.
Shovel out the shekels for the Kissimamee,
Millions for nitrates on the Tennessee;
The South is in the saddle, you bet, by gee!
Dig, brothers, dig with glee;
Why leave a nickel in the treasuree?
Leave the accounting to William G.
He can fake up a balance to a T.
The voters are plunged in lethargee -
Dig to the bottom of the treasuree.

Mr. Longworth, with a praiseworthy but mistaken conscientiousness, acknowledged the inspiration of this really admirable poem to lie in Mark Twain's "Punch, conductor, punch with care." If Mr. Longworth will take down his copy of Mark Twain and read him again with more care he will discover that in quoting that immortal thing Mark Twain explicitly disclaims its authorship and says that he got it from a newspaper clipping. He gave it currency, but he did not know who the author was. It was, in fact, a composite, but was chiefly the work of the late Isaac H. Bromley. Mark Twain never wrote any verse, but he is persistently credited with the authorship of two metrical compositions - "Punch, conductor," and the epitaph beginning "Warm Summer wind," which was the work of Robert Richardson.

69. March 7, 1917 - INVENTOR IN POORHOUSE

INVENTOR IN POORHOUSE.

Paige Once Had $1,500,000—Typesetting Machine Failed.

CHICAGO, March 6.—James W. Paige, inventor of "one of the most remarkable pieces of mechanism ever put together," is in the poor house today at Oak Forest. Twenty-five years ago he was the owner of the Paige plant here, for the making of typesetting machines. Nearly $2,000,000 was invested in the plant. Mr. Paige was reputed to be worth $1,500,000 at that time. Mark Twain was one of the investors.

In the panic of 1893 Mr. Paige lost his money. His invention, although a mechanical marvel, proved impractical and needed further development, which never came. Mr. Paige then disappeared.

Mr. Paige's name was written into the Encyclopaedia Britannica and his invention was then described as "most remarkable."

70. May 6, 1917 - BOOKS THIS SEASON [Mark Twain's Letters]

THE first installment of Mark Twain's letters, appearing in this month's Harper's Magazine, gives promise of an absorbingly interesting volume of reminiscence when the series is completed and published in book form. Mr. CLEMENS did not have many correspondents; until now few of his letters have found their way into print. Judging by this collection, however, he took a genuine, whole-souled sort of delight in writing letters to the few privileged ones with whom he engaged in this manifestation of friendly intimacy. The present series comprises his correspondence with WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, dating from June, 1872, and covering a period of nearly forty years. The personality revealed is an altogether lovable one, brimming over, as one would expect, with characteristic Mark Twain humor (more spontaneous here, perhaps, than in his works written for publication) and full of interesting allusions to his literary and other activities. He writes, for instance, of his struggles with a novel—which was never completed—and which he found he "could not go on with." Books for boys were more to his liking, so the novel was thrown over and "Huck Finn's Autobiography" taken up in its stead. These were the days of "Tom Sawyer," and the letters are full of the experiences attending the writing and disposing of that immortal book. The note of friendship pervading the letters constitutes much of their charm. His praise of Mr. HOWELLS, full of humorous digs, of course, and intentional exaggerations is, delightfully generous and sincere:

> If your literature has not struck perfection now we are not able to see what is lacking. It is all such truth—truth to the life; everywhere your pen falls it leaves a photograph. I did imagine that everything had been said about life at sea that could be said—but no matter, it was all a failure and lies, nothing but lies with a thin varnish of fact—only *you* have stated it as it absolutely is. And only you see people and their ways, and their insides and outsides as they *are*, and make them talk as they *do* talk. I think you are the very greatest artist in these tremendous mysteries that ever lived. There doesn't seem to be anything that can be concealed from your awful all-seeing eye. It must be a cheerful thing for one to live with you and be aware that you are going up and down in him like another conscience all the time. Possibly you will not be a fully accepted classic until you have been dead a hundred years—it is the fate of the Shakespeares and of all genuine prophets—but then your books will be as common as Bibles, *I* believe. You're not a weed, but an oak; not a Summer house, but a cathedral. In that day *I* shall still be in the cyclopedias, too—thus: "Mark Twain; history and occupation unknown—but he was personally acquainted with Howells." There—I could sing your praises all day, and feel and believe every bit of it.

71. June 3, 1917 - AS TO POSTHUMOUS ["What Is Man"]

AS TO THE POSTHUMOUS

WHEN a famous writer dies there is frequently an increased output of new books from his pen extending, in some cases, over a period of years. These new books, as a rule, add nothing of real substance to the dead author's fame; more often, indeed, they detract from it. The late WATTS-DUNTON, for instance, published in his lifetime a novel that was at once recognized as a masterly work of creative literature. "Aylwin" was the result of a score and more years of patient study, during which the entire novel was recast and rewritten several times before its author consented to its publication. Had the book been published in one of the earlier stages of its development WATTS-DUNTON would doubtless have suffered in reputation as a writer of fiction, and nothing of value would have been added to our literature through the premature appearance of "Aylwin." Now that WATTS-DUNTON is dead, the manuscripts of two novels have been found among his papers. They are at once published, and turn out to be very poor, crude stuff indeed. Any one knowing their author's conscientious scruples in matters of literary art must feel certain that he never would have consented to their appearance in their present unfinished condition, that he would have been horrified at the association of his name with such uncouth offspring. But there they are, and posterity's estimate of their author will be largely influenced by these posthumous misdeeds of his.

THE case of WATTS-DUNTON is only one of many illustrating the mistaken zeal that is apt to inspire a deceased writer's admirers. Usually the desire seems to be

admirers. Usually the desire seems to be
to gather up every scrap of juvenilia, or what-not, that an author has written—and discarded—and bring it out in a posthumous volume, or volumes. There are few poets in past generations who have not suffered in this respect. Even in so recent and interesting a case as RUPERT BROOKE, one cannot help thinking that his fame would have burned with a steadier, clearer light if many of his earlier ventures with the muse had been left out of the posthumous volume of his work. So, too, one cannot help thinking that the fame of Mark Twain will not be enhanced by the posthumous volume of his essays that has just appeared under the title "What Is Man?" (Harpers.) Of course, in the case of so high a name it will be argued, and with much seeming justice, that anything by Mark Twain should be published. A glance at the present volume bears this out—in a measure. For instance, the poignant chapter, "The Death of Jean," written within four months of his own death, will be read with appreciation and reverence by all to whom the name of Mark Twain means much in life as well as in literature. It was intended to be the final chapter to Mr. CLEMENS's autobiography, according to a prefatory note

by Mr. ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE. So, too, there is pleasure enough to be derived from reading some of the lighter essays in the volume. These are, for the most part, sufficiently stamped with the Mark Twain humor to insure them a welcome reception from his admirers. But there seems to be little by way of excuse to be said for the publication of the initial essay, "What Is Man?" This essay, occupying nearly a third of the present volume, was published anonymously, and for private circulation only, eleven years ago. It would be difficult to find anything more dreary, cynical, pessimistic than the view of life here revealed. One refuses to believe that it voices the settled, mature convictions held by Mr. CLEMENS—at least one does not wish to believe it. Remembering that he himself had the essay privately printed, it is reasonable to suppose that Mr. CLEMENS did not care to have "What Is Man?" included with his acknowledged works. It seems a pity that it has not been allowed to remain in the obscurity to which he had apparently assigned it. What gain is there in being told that man is merely a machine, and that there is practically nothing real in his idealism, no basis for his brave dreams, his aspirations toward a life of spiritual beauty and achievement? There is nothing new in pessimism of this kind. It seems singularly out of place in the work of a writer who has done so much, through his joyous humor, to lighten the burdens of his generation. But there it is—the penalty of the posthumous. It is a curious essay altogether. Doubtless there are readers who will find much to admire in it—but they will be the readers who rejoice in a gloomy view of things. The rest will refuse to accept this as a lasting, authentic message from Mark Twain.

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72. July 2, 1917 - TO SELL MARK TWAIN HOME

TO SELL MARK TWAIN HOME.

Humorist's Daughter Finds Connecticut Place Tco Isolated.

Stormfield, Mark Twain's old home near Redding, Conn., in which the humorist died, has been advertised for sale. He built it with the idea of getting a country home which should be near enough to New York, and yet not too near, in Summer and Winter; but his daughter, Mrs. Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch, to whom it passed after his death, found it too far away for the needs of an artist whose affairs required frequent presence in the metropolis. She and her husband, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, lived in it intermittently until 1914, but since then they have spent their Summers at Seal Harbor, Me., and most of the Winter seasons in New York.

The house, built on 248 acres acquired by Mr. Clemens, stands on a hilltop in the section where General Israel Putnam raised his troops in the revolution. It embodies a good many of the humorist's own ideas of architecture.

The house was built in 1907, but the humorist did not find the happiness he expected there. His daughter Jean, who had lived with him for many years, was drowned in her bath at Stormfield on Christmas Eve, 1909, as a result of an epileptic stroke, and Mark Twain was still suffering from grief over her death when he died on April 21 following.

73. September 9, 1917 - LATEST WORKS OF FICTION - JAP HERRON [Book Review]

JAP HERRON

JAP HERRON. A Novel Written from the Ouija Board. With an Introduction on the Coming of "Jap Herron." Frontispiece portrait. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.

THE ouija board seems to have come to stay as a competitor of the typewriter in the production of fiction. For this is the third novel in the last few months that has claimed the authorship of some dead and gone being who, unwilling to give up human activities, has appeared to find in the ouija board a material means of expression. This last story is unequivocal in its claim of origin. For those who are responsible for it appear to be convinced beyond doubt that no less a spirit than that of Mark Twain guided their hands as the story was spelled out on the board. Emily Grant Hutchings and Lola V. Hays are the sponsors of the tale, Mrs. Hays being the passive recipient whose hands upon the pointer were especially necessary. St. Louis is the scene of the exploit, as it is also of the literary labors of that ouija board that writes the "Patience Worth" stories. Emily Grant Hutchings, who writes the introductory account of how it all happened, is from Hannibal, Mo., the home of Mark Twain's boyhood, and in her the alleged spirit of the author seems to have put much confidence. Her long description of how the story was written and of the many conversations they had with Mark Twain through the ouija board contains many quotations of his remarks that sometimes have a reminiscent flavor of the humorist's characteristic conversation.

The story itself, a long novelette, is scened in a Missouri town and tells how a lad born to poverty and shiftlessness, by the help of a fine-souled and high-minded man and

woman, grew into a noble and useful manhood and helped to regenerate his town. There is evident a rather striking knowledge of the conditions of life and the peculiarities of character in a Missouri town, the dialect is true, and the picture has, in general, many features that will seem familiar to those who know their "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." A country paper fills an important place in the tale, and there is constant proof of familiarity with the life and work of the editor of such a sheet. The humor impresses as a feeble attempt at imitation and, while there is now and then a strong, sure touch of pathos or a swift and true revelation of human nature, the "sob stuff" that oozes through many of the scenes, and the overdrawn emotions are too much for credulity. If this is the best that "Mark Twain" can do by reaching across the barrier, the army of admirers that his works have won for him will all hope that he will hereafter respect that boundary.

74. November 18, 1917 - MARK TWAIN AS A LETTER WRITER

MARK TWAIN AS A LETTER WRITER

Two Volumes of Hitherto Unpublished Correspondence Full of Delightful Self-Revelations and Noble Friendships

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

MARK TWAIN'S LETTERS. ARRANGED WITH COMMENT BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE. Two volumes. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

FIVE years ago Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine published his monumental life of Mark Twain, one of the very best of modern biographies, solidly authenticated by laborious research, inimitigably honest, setting down naught in malice, instinct with the desire to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. In that book he made constant use of Mark Twain's correspondence, selecting judiciously and quoting from the letters not so much for their own sake as to illuminate characteristics of his subject. Now he has collected two solid volumes of Mark Twain's correspondence, which he has arranged chronologically and which he has elucidated by a running commentary, always modest, always unobtrusive, and always confined to the strictly necessary explanations. In other words, he has let Mark Twain, the letter writer, speak for himself. It is difficult to see how this work could have been done more discreetly or more tactfully.

Mark Twain, in spite of his abiding boyishness, which was continually tempting him into exuberant outbreaks, had an unusual gift for friendships; and these two volumes are a record of noble and enduring friendships. It is true that he had permanent disagreements with Bret Harte and Edward H. House and John T. Raymond. But he bound Howells and H. H. Rogers to him with hooks of steel; and his association with Aldrich and Twitchell, Warner and Gilder, Charles Warren Stoddard and George W. Cable was almost as intimate and as unclouded. The sympathy between Goethe and Schiller, or that between Carlyle and Emerson was not finer or more beautiful than that between Mark Twain and Howells. In these volumes Mr. Paine has given us two or three score of Mark's letters to Howells and only a scant half dozen of Howells's letters to Mark. We want them all; and it is to be hoped that their correspondence will be printed in full, and by itself, sooner or later.

Mark Twain was a marvelous talker; and he was also a marvelous letter writer, because he wrote letters as if he were merely talking to the friend from whom he chanced to be separated. These letters are never composed with any thought of publication; they are never labored; they are always easy; they are sometimes even free and easy. They are the spontaneous expression of the man himself as he happened to be at the moment of taking pen in hand. In the shortest of them as in the longest he is unmistakably himself, setting down in black

longest he is unmistakably himself, setting down in black and white his thoughts and his feelings as they surged up naturally, and assured that the recipient would supply the understanding needed for their complete appreciation. They are highly individual; they abound in whim, in humorous exaggeration, in imagination, and in energy. They are delightful reading, in themselves in the first place, and in the second as revelations of the character and the characteristics of Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, who was in some ways a different person from Mr. Mark Twain known to all the world.

Of course, the earlier letters, written in his boyhood and youth to his mother, his sister, and his brother, are what might be expected in the correspondence of a fledgling author who ripened slowly and who did not discover himself and come into his own until he was 30. Indeed, most of these missives of his immaturity are not only flavorless, but quite without any promise of the later mastery of the accomplished man of letters which their writer was to become. Only in the course of years did he acquire the command of style—the nervous directness, the pungent vitality, the instinct for the unerring adjective and for the inevitable noun—which became his in the course of time and which revealed itself first in the unforgettable description of the Sphinx in the "Innocents Abroad"—to be matched later by the superb account of the Jungfrau in "A Tramp Abroad."

Those belated readers who may even now think of Mark Twain as a mere fun-maker, to be classed carelessly with John Phoenix and Artemus Ward and Josh Billings, will find in these letters cause to revise their hasty judgment and to recognize the depth and nobility of Mark Twain's nature. A humorist he was from the beginning to the end; but at the end humor was no longer the dominant element in his work. He made men laugh as no one else was able to do so abundantly in the final twoscore years of the nineteenth century; but his laughter was never forced or trivial or accidental. His humor was rooted in and flowered out of a deep and abiding melancholy; and at the end of his life he was as serious and as sad at heart as Swift or Cervantes or Molière. His tenderness is beautifully displayed in the letters to his wife, of which Mr. Paine allows us to read only a few, simple and sincere in their direct expression of a love

which began at first sight and which grew steadily with the years.

As these years passed he was stricken again and again. His only son was taken from him in infancy. Then his eldest daughter died; and what her loss meant to him can be seen from a letter (Page 641) to Mr. Twitchell, in which he laid his heart bare before his friend. Then Mrs. Clemens was snatched away at last after protracted periods of hopeless invalidism. Finally his youngest daughter died in her turn; and there is unspeakable pathos in the letter he then wrote to his sole surviving child, (Page 835.)

It is only on occasion and to the members of his own family that the deeper aspects of the man are disclosed. For the most part the letters deal with surface of life and with the experiences of the moment. Many of them have a reckless and joyous exaggeration—as in that which he wrote to Mr. Twitchell (Page 666) and which was called forth by an article of mine. One paragraph in this, expressing violently his distaste for the ivory miniatures of Jane Austen, was so vehement that Mr. Paine has decorously edited out the most picturesque of its phrases. But its purport can be guessed at from another paragraph in another letter, in which he expresses his wonder why the contemporaries of Jane Austen "allowed her to die a natural death!" Mr. Paine prints without any editing

two similar but less vehement letters to me, written after Mark had been reading several of Scott's novels with increasing dissatisfaction, relieved only after he had come to "Quentin Durward" and after he had found that bravura romance more to his liking. These two letters (Pages 737-8) are very like the articles he wrote on "Fenimore Cooper's Literary Offenses," and in these letters and in that article he reveals his critical insight, his fundamental honesty, which was continually compelling him to read the accredited authors of the past with his own spectacles and to apply his own standards of judgment. He has no reverence for a classic which cannot prove its right to be received as a classic. But while he has the insight of a true critic, he lacks the balance that true criticism demands. Most of the blemishes he dwells on in the stories of Scott and Cooper are there for all to see; yet there are counterbalancing beauties which Mark failed to perceive, or at least to acknowledge.

Here again he discloses his eternal boyishness, so to call it, which is one of his most marked characteristics. A great part of the merit of "Tom Sawyer" and of "Huckleberry Finn" is due to his ability to recapture the temper of his own boyhood with its eagerness of self-assertion and with its youthful intolerance. As he wrote in a letter (given on Page 566): "I conceive that the right way to write a story for boys is to write so that it will not only interest boys but will also strongly interest *any man who has ever been a boy;* that immensely enlarges the audience." He was himself a man who could never forget that he had been a boy himself—a man who could and did retain an ever fresh boyishness of outlook and of attitude.

It was perhaps this eternal boyishness which led him sometimes to answer a foolish or an indiscreet letter with a volcanic frankness which relieved his own feelings at the time, but which was entirely disproportionate to the offense he had received. And it was his natural kindliness which induced him not to send this letter (Page 475) and to substitute for it a colorless and commonplace acknowledgment less likely to arouse resentment.

Now that I have endeavored to describe the House of Fame that Mr. Paine has erected to the memory of Mark Twain as a letter writer, it may be well for me to submit a few specimen bricks that the reader of this review may see for himself a little of the material out of which the stately edifice has been built. Here, for example, is a characteristic passage from a letter sent to Helen Keller, when she had been annoyed by one of those futile and

when she had been annoyed by one of those futile and foolish accusations of plagiarism brought by somebody with a mania for uncovering mares' nests:

> Oh, dear me, how unspeakably funny and owlishly idiotic and grotesque was that "plagiarism" farce! As if there was much of anything in any human utterance, oral or written, except plagiarism! The kernel, the soul—let us go further and say the substance, the bulk, the actual and valuable material of all human utterances—is plagiarism. For substantially all ideas are second-hand, consciously and unconsciously drawn from a million outside sources, and daily used by the garnerer with a pride and satisfaction born of the superstition that he originated them; whereas, there is not a rag of originality about them anywhere except the little discoloration they get from his mental and moral calibre and his temperament, and which is revealed in characteristics of phrasing. When a great orator makes a great speech you are listening to ten centuries and ten thousand men—but we call it his speech, and really some exceedingly small portion of it is his. But not enough to signify. * * * No doubt we are constantly littering our literature with disconnected sentences borrowed from books at some unremembered time and now imagine to be our own, but that is about the most we can do. In 1866 I read Dr. Holmes's poems, in the Sandwich Islands. A year and a half later I stole his dictation, without knowing it, and used it to dedicate my "Innocents Abroad" with. Then years afterward I was talking with Dr. Holmes about it. He was not an ignorant ass—no, not he; he was not a collection of decayed human turnips, like your "Plagiarism Court"; and so when I said, "I know now where I stole it, but whom did you steal it from?" he said, "I don't remember; I only know I stole it from somebody because I have never originated anything altogether myself, nor met anybody who had."

Rudyard Kipling wrote to a friend that

> I love to think of the great and godlike Clemens. He is the biggest man you have on your side of the water by a damn sight, and don't you forget it. Cervantes was a relative of his.

And when this was transmitted to Mark, he wrote:

> It makes me proud and glad—what Kipling says. I hope fate will fetch him to Florence while we are there. I would rather see him than any other man.

And earlier in the same acknowledgment Mark had

expressed his thanks for a volume of Kipling's verse:

> I have been reading "The Bell Buoy" and Kipling's work—and saving up the rest for other leisurely and luxurious meals. A bell buoy is a deeply impressive fellow-being. In these many recent trips up and down the Sound in the Kanawha, (Mr. Rogers's yacht,) he talked to me nightly, sometimes in his pathetic and melancholy way, sometimes with his strenuous and urgent note, and I got his meaning—now I have his words! No one but Kipling could do this strong and vivid thing. Some day I hope to hear the poem chanted or sung—with the bell buoy breaking in out of the distance.

And here, finally, is a part of the letter to me about Sir Walter Scott:

> I haven't been out of my bed for four weeks, but—well, I have been reading a good deal, and it occurs to me to ask you to sit down, some time or other, when you have eight or nine months to spare, and jot me down a certain few literary particulars for my help and elevation. Your time need not be thrown away, for at your further leisure you can make Columbian lectures out of the results and do your students a good turn.
>
> 1. Are there in Sir Walter's novels passages done in good English—English which is neither slovenly or involved?
>
> 2. Are there passages whose English is not poor and thin and commonplace, but is of a quality above that?
>
> 3. Are there passages which burn with real fire—not punk, fox-fire, make believe?
>
> 4. Has he heroes and heroines who are not cads and cadesses?
>
> 5. Has he personages whose acts and talk correspond with their characters as described by him?
>
> 6. Has he heroes and heroines whom the reader admires, admires and knows why?
>
> 7. Has he funny characters that are funny, and humorous passages that are humorous?
>
> 8. Does he ever claim the reader's interest, and make him reluctant to lay the book down?
>
> 9. Are there pages where he ceases from posing, ceases from admiring the placid flood and flow of his own dilutions, ceases from being artificial, and is for a time, long or short, recognizably sincere and in earnest?
>
> 10. Did he know how to write English, and didn't do it because he didn't want to?
>
> 11. Did he use the right word only when he couldn't think of any other one, or did he run so much to wrong because he didn't know the right one when he saw it?
>
> 12. Can you read him and keep your respect for him? Of course a person could in his day—an era of sentimentality and sloppy romantics—but land! can a body do it today?

75. February 11, 1918 - TWAIN'S DAUGHTER SPURNS SPIRIT BOOK

TWAIN'S DAUGHTER SPURNS SPIRIT BOOK

Mrs. Gabrilowitsch Incensed by Work Attributed to Her Father by Psychics.

WILL SEEK AN INJUNCTION

Says She Pronounced False Data About Which Dr. Hyslop Consulted Her.

Special to The New York Times.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 10.—A revolutionary volume on modern science and philosophy, which the troubled spirit of Mark Twain is endeavoring to give the world through the medium of the American Society for Psychical Research, will never see the light of day if Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch of Bryn Mawr, wife of the celebrated pianist and daughter of the great humorist, can prevent it.

Announcement of the book which Twain is said to be trying to address to this unhappy civilization from that mystic realm beyond the grave is made by James H. Hyslop in the January issue of the Journal of the Psychical Research Society.

search Society.

It seems that Professor Hyslop and two women mediums, Mrs. Hays of St. Louis, and Mrs. Hutchings, have held frequent conversations with the spirit of Mark Twain, and have found the humorist in a state of intellectual torture because of the difficulty he is having in getting his momentous work into print. He is now greatly relieved because at last he has found a means of communication with the world which he was forced to leave before he had time to put the volume into writing. The great author is elated, Professor Hyslop says, because what he has to say to the world will shed enlightenment where now there is only darkness and dismay.

But Mrs. Gabrilowitsch, who before her marriage was Clara Clemens, is not impressed. In an interview today she unsympathetically characterized Professor Hyslop's assertions as "silly, foolish, stupid, and crazy," and announced that she has asked her attorney, Charles P. Lark of New York, to prevent the publication of the work through an injunction.

"While Professor Hyslop was engaged in his so-called research work," said Mrs. Gabrilowitsch, "he sent me many letters in which he asked me to confirm certain things which my father is supposed to have said to him. I answered a few of these letters, telling him that everything he had asked about was false, and finally the whole proceeding became so annoying I asked him not to write me any more. It was so silly and stupid that I decided I could not waste my time talking or writing about it.

"Then I placed the matter in the hands of my attorney, because I do not want any such book published. I suppose it would be harmless, but what would be the use of it? It is indescribably wild and foolish. I am sorry that even this preliminary announcement had to be made.

"In one letter the professor asked me if my father had seen a vision of his mother just before he died. I told him he had not, so far as I knew. In other communications he asked me about little personal things he is supposed to have found out—things concerning pictures, trinkets, and so forth that my father is supposed to have owned. I found that I could not verify or confirm anything he had 'discovered,' and at length I became weary of the matter."

76. February 12, 1918 - [Editorial] ANNOYING, BUT NOT DANGEROUS

[Editorial]

Annoying, but Not Dangerous.

Anybody who is at all well read in the literature of "communications" ascribed to the "spirits" of departed notables can easily understand why the daughter of MARK TWAIN grieves over the fact that a whole bookful of such "messages" from her distinguished father is soon to appear. It is not easy to see, however, just what she or others in like case can do to prevent the publication of such a volume.

Unless it differs amazingly from all previous books of the same class, it will, indeed, demonstrate to all who accept the claims made as to its origin that habitation of the other world results in a pathetic deterioration of intelligence and a complete loss of the sense of humor. But there is no possibility of proving in court that such changes show the "communications" to be spurious. Whoever will can say they are what would be expected from the difficulties of transmission through an imperfect channel, and that assertion puts an end to argument. At any rate, it leaves small chance for an appeal to the law for protection or redress.

It is much to be regretted that MARK TWAIN himself is precluded by circumstances from commenting on the forthcoming and very posthumous production. The task is one that would have delighted him - and its performance by him would delight everybody else - except, perhaps, the psychical researchers who so industriously set down the products of subconscious activities. His daughter should not be unduly disturbed. Her father's memory is safe, no matter what nonsense the "mediums" say he makes them talk or write.

77. June 9, 1918 - SUE FOR "SPIRIT" STORY

SUE FOR "SPIRIT" STORY.

Harpers Ask for the Destruction of Mrs. Hutchins's Book.

The alleged "spirit story" told by the late Samuel M. Clemens to Mrs. Emily Grant Hutchins was the subject of a suit filed in the Supreme Court yesterday by Harper & Brothers, who for seventeen years have had the sole rights to the Mark Twain stories, against Mrs. Hutchins and Mitchell Kennerley, her publisher, to restrain the sale of the book written by Mrs. Hutchins and asking for the destruction of the books now on sale and an accounting of the sales to date.

The complaint states that Mrs. Hutchins's book, "Jap Herron," purports to be a spirit communication in the form of a short story. The announcement in the book concerning the alleged spirit story states that "after several messages had been spelled out the pointer of the planchette traced the words 'Samuel M. Clemens, Lazy Sam,'" and the story as printed was then told.

The complaint alleges that during the last seventeen years the Harper house has published the Mark Twain works, and during that time has distributed 500,000 circulars bearing his picture, as a result of which he became "more widely known than any other American not in public life." It is alleged that Mrs. Hutchins visited the Harpers with the alleged spirit story in 1916, but they refused to publish it, on the ground that it didn't emanate from Mark Twain and had no literary merit. Mrs. Hutchins has since induced Mitchell Kennerley to publish it.

78. July 28, 1918 - SPIRITUALISM IN LAWSUIT

SPIRITUALISM IN LAWSUIT

Case of Harper & Brothers Against Mitchell Kennerley Over Copyright on Mark Twain's Name

ON the face of it the suit of Harper & Brothers vs. Mitchell Kennerley, publisher, involves a bald question of property right; but by indirection it involves also the questions whether spirit communication with the living is demonstrable, and whether there is a life hereafter. The riddle of the universe is about to be debated, not by theologians, but by lawyers.

Harper & Brothers, publishers of the works of Samuel L. Clemens and owners of a copyright on the pen name, Mark Twain, base their action on the publication by Mitchell Kennerley of "Jap Herron," a novel which, according to the introduction, was communicated to Mrs. Emily Grant Hutchings via the ouija board. There is no direct statement that Mark Twain's spirit dictated the book. He is not named as author, and on this technicality the attorneys for Mr. Kennerley might possibly seek to evade trial. But James N. Rosenberg, who has been retained by the defendant publisher, said the other day that the case would be tried on its merits.

"We will put the issue up to the Supreme Court," he asserted. "We will have a final ruling on immortality."

Has the shade of Samuel Clemens any right to the use of a pseudonym he adopted in the flesh and permitted his publishers to copyright? What claims have The Departed on the relics of their earthly pilgrimage? These are obvious issues in the suit. And if it is established to the satisfaction of the Court that the spirit of Mark Twain did indeed communicate the novel, while the attorneys for the plaintiff are upheld in their contention that said spirit had no right to market any literary commodities except through the house of Harpers, owing to a contract made prior to his passing, by what mode of procedure can the disembodied be brought to book for such unbusinesslike, not to say immoral, conduct?

William Marion Reedy of St. Louis, who had a part in making the work of Patience Worth, (another ouija board authoress,) known to the material world, had a finger in this occult concoction, too. Emily Grant Hutchings had known Mr. Reedy for some time. She had contributed special articles to his magazine, The Mirror. But Mr. Reedy confesses he did not think much of her as a fiction writer. About three years ago she asked him to read some manuscript she had with her. He did, and he was surprised at its worth.

At that time the novel "Jap Herron" was about half-finished. Mrs. Hutchings said nothing to Mr. Reedy about

how she had written it, but during the course of an evening at her home the ouija board was produced, and Mrs. Hutchings and Mrs. Hayes, who sat with her during the readings, began to work with it. Either that or it was moved by the spirit controlling it. Mr. Reedy was surprised to find that he was reading a continuation of the unfinished manuscript he had recently seen. It was then he learned that Mark Twain was declared to be dictating the story.

Mr. Reedy was in town the other day, and when he was asked whether he thought "Jap Herron" came up to Mark Twain's standard he was in doubt.

"Parts of it are good, as typical of Mark Twain as I can remember from my early readings," he said; "but other parts are sloppy—awfully sloppy and sweet and sentimental; usual best-seller stuff!"

Harper & Brothers assert in their petition that "Jap Herron" is far below the grade of anything Mark Twain wrote while alive, and that the circulation of the book would hurt his reputation.

Among the points Harper & Brothers will present are the two books Mark Twain wrote, "What Is Man?" and "The Mysterious Stranger," in which he asserted that there was no such thing as life after death. He refused to believe in a spirit world. He refused to be a spook. Judge or jury must weigh that fact.

But it is possible that the ouija board will be made to perform in court and that the shade of Mark Twain, or what purports to be his spirit, will undertake to confound Mark Twain, the unbeliever. That Mrs. Hutchings intends to get into communication with that very important witness is an assured point. In her introduction to the book she shows that she and Mark Twain are on the friendliest terms. He calls her "Emily" and she calls him "Mark." There is nothing spooky about their conversation. It does not smack of the spiritist cabinet. While the book was being revised the ouija board had occasion to chafe Mr. Hutchings, who was acting for his wife in secretarial capacity.

"Smoke up and cool off, old boy," the spook is reported as saying to Mr. Hutchings. "Perhaps I should apologize. The last secretary I had used to wear an ice-soaked towel. The girls [Mrs. Hutchings and Mrs. Hayes] and old Mark together will make the riffle. Well, we will slow up. In my ambition I have been too eager. It is hard to explain how great a thing is the power to project my mentality through the clods of oblivion. I have so long sought for an opening. Be patient, please. I am not carping. I get Edwin's [Mr. Hutchings's] position. We will be easy with the new saddle, so the nag won't run away. I heard Edwin's suggestion and it is a good one. We will go straight through the story, beginning where we left off tonight. That was what I intended to do, but that second chapter nipped me."

There is, of course, ground for doubt whether testimony transmitted through a ouija board will be accepted. The court may consider it incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial. But if it is admitted, the stenographer's transcript is likely to have a liveliness uncommon in court procedure.

79. September 15, 1918 - TO AID ARTISTS AFFECTED BY WAR

To Aid Artists Affected by War.

An organization called the Artists' War Service League is being founded here for the benefit of artists of all professions, who have been wounded or incapacitated during the war. Mark Twain's home in Redding, Conn., has been offered by his daughter, Madame Gabrilowitsch, as a convalescent home. The initial Membership Committee is composed of such artists as Rudyard Kipling, Enrico Caruso, Daniel C. French, and John Drew. Membership will be open not only to professional people, but to all lovers of the arts.

80. October 25, 1918 - TWAIN HOME A REST CAMP

TWAIN HOME A REST CAMP.

Stormfield Estate to be a Retreat for Wounded Men.

Stormfield, the estate at Redding, Conn., which was the home of Mark Twain, has been given by his daughter, Clara Clemens, (Mme. Ossip Gabrilowitsch) for the use of convalescent soldiers and sailors of the artistic professions.

Mme. Gabrilowitsch, though admitting that she had turned Stormfield over for the use of wounded men would not discuss the subject further, saying that the affairs of the organization which was to control the estate were not yet complete.

81. November 7, 1918 - STORMFIELD FOR A HOME

STORMFIELD FOR A HOME.

Clara Clemens Gabriowitsch Aids Artists' War Service.

Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch has turned over Stormfield, the home of Mark Twain at Redding, Conn., as a convalescent home in charge of the Artists' War Service League, recently incorporated under the laws of the State of New York. The objects of this organization are similar to those of the American Friends of Musicians in France, except that it proposes to aid men of all the artistic professions in the service and their dependents, instead of confining itself to musicians alone.

An honorary committee named for the purpose of stimulating membership now includes Rudyard Kipling, representing literature; Enrico Caruso, music; Daniel C. French, sculpture, and John Drew, representing the drama. J. F. D. Lanier will be Treasurer and Winslow, Lanier & Co. will act as bankers for the fund raised by the league.

82. December 23, 1919 - MARK TWAIN'S HOME SOLD [Hartford mansion]

MARK TWAIN'S HOME SOLD.

Hartford Residence Built in 1870—Wrote "Huckleberry Finn" There.

HARTFORD, Conn., Dec. 22.—The Hartford home of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), at 351 Farmington Avenue, where "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" were written, was sold today by Richard M. Bissell, President of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, to J. J. and I. Ahern of this city.

The house was built by Mr. Clemens in 1870 and until a few months ago was used as a private school.